

# THE DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

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## THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

*By the Author of 'Tales of Irish Life.'*

As Ireland has latterly attracted a degree of attention commensurate with her importance, it is necessary, in order that she may enjoy the full benefit of future laws, to have her real condition made known; for, when economists reason from false data, and draw inferences from erroneous statements, the public are deceived, the government misinformed, and legislative enactments prove either useless or mischievous. It is not for an individual so humble as I acknowledge myself to be to enter upon the vast field of Ireland's wrongs, to discuss abstract questions of a political nature, or set myself up as an oracle on national affairs. Aware of my incompetence for such an undertaking, I choose for myself a less ambitious task—that of describing the condition of the Irish peasantry. With them I have been acquainted for more than five-and-twenty years—with them I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life—and with them, had I a choice, I should spend the remainder of my days. I have seen other climes and other men; I have made myself intimate with the condition of the people of other countries; and am thus enabled to appreciate more accurately the state of the Irish peasantry.

Notwithstanding these undoubted advantages, perhaps some persons will be inclined to question the truth of my statements, particularly as they differ from those of others, and militate, in many instances, against the evidence given by most respectable individuals before the Parliamentary Committees on the State of Ireland. I have certainly no right to demand implicit belief in what I

state; but, while I shall scrupulously adhere to truth, I shall adduce all the proofs in support of my evidence which the nature of the subject will allow. Many of those who had been summoned before the committees were persons who could possibly know but little of the peasantry; many of them confessed their ignorance on the subject; and many more were evidently influenced either by favourite theories, or less excusable prejudices. Lest I should commit the faults I deprecate, I shall state nothing but facts which have come within my own knowledge, and leave to others the task of assigning causes, and suggesting remedies where remedies are required.

The first thing which strikes the traveller in Ireland is the apparent wretchedness of the habitations of the poorer classes. Unlike those of France, which are generally built of the same materials—mud and straw—they don't look well even in *perspective*.\* There is too often a total absence of trees; and no great taste displayed either in choosing a situation, or in ornamenting it after it is chosen. Dunghills and pools of water surround them, instead of paddocks and gardens. There are seldom to be seen gravel walks, trimmed hedges, or flower borders, as in several parts of England; and, though the better sort of farmers display a superior taste, the face of the country—apart from its natural beauty—is unsightly in the extreme. Hence the stranger who passes rapidly through it, and who takes his information from some ignorant and bigoted squire, returns home to confirm the popular opinion respecting Irish misery, the barbarism of the

\* Mr. James Cobbett, in one of his 'Letters from France,' dated Vesoul, says—'The prettiest villages, in perspective, that I ever saw; but, in reality, the most insufferable masses of mire that can be conceived.'

people, their slovenly habits, and gross superstition.

Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than to infer all these from the appearance of the houses; for, had the *cabins* been all whitewashed and surrounded with trees—had the dunghills been removed to the rear, and a little attention paid to the *lawn*—casual visitors would be impressed with very different sentiments; they would draw inferences quite opposite to those which, at present, naturally arise from apparent wretchedness; though it must be evident, to any reflecting man, that the addition of trees and whitewash could neither add to nor diminish the enjoyments of the inmates. We are all the creatures of habit; and the Irish peasant, accustomed to his simple dwelling, feels no inconvenience from its dreary aspect. To him it is a home of comfort; it is associated, in his mind, with tender ties and past recollections; and he finds in its very mud walls and thatched roof—its rude hearth, and earthen floor—mute incentives to love it. Those only who have seen the *cottier* forced to quit his cabin can know how ardently these poor people feel attached to the place where they have resided for any length of time. The bulk of mankind have scarcely any idea of ‘fine views’ and ‘enchanted prospects.’ Mountain and valley, hill and plain, are all one to them; and, as ornaments of any kind are merely artificial luxuries, those who have never experienced a desire to possess them can certainly feel no inconvenience from their absence. Recommend an Irish landlord to remove his dunghill, and plant flowers before his door, and he will look on you as one insane; because, in the estimation of his neighbours, a large dunghill, kept square, is the best evidence of his industry, wealth, and management. Such a man will, and perhaps with reason too, rather see the exhalations rise from a heap of manure, than inhale the odour of a moss rose.

That which proceeds from either the negligence or habit of some, is the consequence of policy in others. For this reason we find the dwellings

of wealthy farmers in Ireland built of the same materials as the cabins of *cottiers*, because that class almost invariably affect poverty, when they are comparatively rich. They do this for many reasons; but more particularly to deceive their landlord respecting the produce of their lands, and to avoid the payment of fines on the expiration of their leases. I have known several of them, in various parts of the country, who would not permit their sons and daughters to wear any clothes but those of the coarsest kind, lest their landlord, who lived hard by, should consider a dress of *shop* cloth an evidence of their farms being let too cheap.

I was once at a wedding, where the fortune of the bride was four hundred pounds, yet the bridegroom wore a felt hat, because his landlord was present. Without any motives of this nature, however, the people were, until very lately, all dressed in their own manufactures; and, though this commendable and primeval custom has been, within these few years, departed from by the wealthier farmers, it still prevails among the lower classes, unless the Sunday dress of the females forms an exception. The growing vanity has also imparted a desire for slated houses, among those who can, or think they can, afford to build them; but still the thatched houses prevail; and, if they are unsightly, it must be confessed they are warmer in winter, and colder in summer, than houses covered with either slate or tile; while they are much more easily erected.

But, if the habitations of the Irish peasantry are rude and inelegant, so are the dwellings of the same class in other countries. With the exception of certain parts of England and Holland, the cottages of the poor are, throughout the world, what is generally called miserable. America, France, Spain, Scotland, &c. form no exception to this rule; and yet the people of these countries are comparatively happy. It follows, therefore, of course, that, if the Irish peasantry are miserable, the cause is not to be found in their cabins; neither are these cabins the consequence of misery, since they are inhabited by those who could



afford to build more splendid dwellings.\*

Poets tell us that the business of life is love. The greater part of mankind, however, seem to think otherwise; for nearly all their time is spent in providing the means of gratifying hunger and thirst. They generally estimate human happiness by the quantity and quality of food which individuals consume, and regard the man who has plenty to eat and drink, and little to do, as enjoying the highest state of mundane felicity. Those who call the Irish peasantry *half-starved* have never been across Saint George's Channel; or, at least, have never had any intercourse with the poorer classes. No people in the world—and I say it from extensive observation—consume larger quantities of wholesome food. A labourer's family in Munster sit down to a *kish* of potatoes, which contain nearly as much of that useful esculent as are dressed in a day for all the inhabitants of Bedford Square; and that they are never stinted must be evident from the *abundance* which they leave for the pig.

Neither is it true that the Irish peasantry live exclusively on potatoes. Nothing can be more erroneous than such a supposition. No farmer will attempt to place a dinner of potatoes only before his labourers; and, during spring and harvest, the breakfast invariably consists of bread or *sturabout*. The latter is the dish in general use for this early meal, in the kitchen of the better sort of farmers, throughout the year. It is to me surprising that so many travellers should have asserted that the Irish peasantry eat nothing but potatoes, since it was impossible for them to have travelled two miles in any direction without seeing wind and water mills, employed exclusively in the manufacture of barley and oatmeal for home con-

sumption; for, of these two articles, scarcely any is exported, and wheaten bread only is used in towns. Had they visited the kitchens of the homely farmers, they might have seen evidence of animal food; for I have frequently stood under the chimney of the cultivator of thirty or forty acres of land, while there hung over my head, suspended in the smoke, as much bacon as would stock a London cheesemonger's shop.

It may surprise the English reader to hear, although nothing is more true, that in several parts of Ireland it is customary for a farmer to kill an ox at Christmas, for the sole use of his family; and I can tell him that this class of people entertain their friends—and, in their vocabulary, every one who honours them with a visit, is a friend—in a manner, and with an elegance, that must surprise those who are unacquainted with their politeness and resources.

All, however, are not thus affluent. The Irish labourer, or, as he is called, —the Irish cottier, is a man literally steeped to the lips in grinding poverty: he, indeed, earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and is the very child of Want. Still, unless where he is peculiarly unfortunate, or where he is not thoughtless and improvident, he is not worse situated than the labourer in other countries. He is certainly better off than the English labourer; and, contrary to an opinion I once entertained, I am confident he eats and drinks better, works less, and consumes even more animal food, though his family may not; for he generally dines at his master's table. Instances of great distress among this class are undoubtedly frequent. They are so every where; but, in nine cases out of ten in Ireland, the object of relief will be found in the vicinity of towns, and not in the country.

It is likewise worthy of remark,

\* Mr. Walsh, in his 'History of Dublin,' speaking of the turf-cutter's cabins in the bog of Allen, says, 'The wretched manner in which the lower class of the inhabitants of this country is lodged has been long a subject of reproach to us, as a civilized people; and it must be acknowledged that rack-rents and unfeeling landlords are among the efficient causes of the evil: that it may, however, be sometimes traced to other sources, is evident from a contemplation of the present scene; the proprietors of these hovels earn an easy subsistence; nay, some are comparatively *opulent*, and one was pointed out to me, by a person of credibility, who had saved above *one hundred pounds*; and yet his habitation, the only one he possessed, was perfectly similar to that of his neighbours.'—Vol. ii. p. 1230.

that distress—unlike the same thing in other places—is, of late, ostentatious in Ireland. The prevalence of an opinion respecting the misery of the people has banished the former spirit of independence; and few labouring men now consider themselves disgraced by accepting charity. Distress is, therefore, frequently assumed; and I know, from personal observation, that some years ago, in Dublin, it was usual for room-keepers to conceal their furniture and clothes when some benevolent gentlemen undertook to seek out objects entitled to charity. Of the late distress in the South I know nothing personally; but that something similar to this conduct of the room-keepers took place strikes me as probable, since I find that half the population of a county\* received charitable relief!—a thing unknown there before or since.

The effect of permanent poverty, and a want of sufficient food, is a population stunted in their growth, deficient in strength, and dishonest in their habits. Paddy, it will be readily admitted, is neither feeble nor deformed; and the criminal records of his country show that a more honest rural population than that of Ireland does not exist on the face of the earth: unless in 'troubled times,' it is not usual for the peasantry to place locks on their doors, while no one ever thinks of employing watchmen to guard exposed property. The moral feeling and religious impressions of the people are certainly great preventives of crime; but, even these, powerful as they are, would, I fear, be insufficient, did the whole population labour, as some have stated, under unmitigated distress. Their boisterous mirth, their attachment to rural sports, and their frequent quarrels, are unanswerable proofs of a freedom from tantalizing poverty; for those who have nothing but misery at home will seldom be found partaking of rustic sports abroad. I mention frequent quarrels, because Paddy, much as he loves fighting, is by no means pugnacious, unless when primed, as he says himself, with whiskey; and, plentiful as that article is, it is seldom to be procured without *money*.

I don't wish it should be inferred that, because Paddy drinks whiskey—and who could live in Ireland without drinking it?—he is intemperate. On the contrary, few are more abstemious. He will refrain for months from his favourite potation; not because he thinks it prudent to do so, but because opportunity does not serve.—At fair, or *patron*, he never thinks of saying *No* to the invitation of a friend, and frequently gets intoxicated more from the warmth of his feelings, and goodness of his heart, than from any extraordinary love he bears to the *native*. At such a moment he is by no means inclined to keep the peace towards *all* his majesty's subjects; and hence the returns of persons committed and convicted in Ireland, in 1823, present the singular contrast of hundreds being arraigned for riots, assaults, &c. whilst not more than two appear to have been convicted in some counties for *larceny*;—a fact which speaks volumes in favour of the untamed spirit of the people, while it demonstrates their superior honesty, and absence of motives to temptation.

Those who attribute all the miseries of Ireland to the want of capital are certainly wrong as far as it respects agriculture. I do not mean to say that the people adopt the best methods of husbandry; but, whatever the defect may be, it proceeds more from an ignorance of a better system than from any want of money. Few, very few, of those farmers who cultivate any quantity of land above twenty acres, are without 'a cool hundred or two,' deposited in some secret place. It is by no means uncommon for one of these small proprietors to give his daughter a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds for a portion on her marriage; and those who may doubt the truth of my statement will find, in Mr. Wakefield, abundant proofs of small farmers having *guineas* buried in the ground. During the late war it appears, from Custom-house returns, that the *gold* imported into Ireland exceeded the exports more than two-thirds. Such was then the anxiety of the peasantry to possess *guineas*, that I have known as high as

\* Clare.



thirty-three shillings frequently given for one. Since then the country has not been so prosperous; but, previous to the rise in the price of farm produce, the independence of this class may be inferred from the fact that it was, in several places, quite common to see the corn of two, three, and even of seven years' growth, lying in *stacks* in the yard. In 1807, I spent nearly the whole year in the county of Wexford, and the greater part of that time in the baronies of Forth and Bargie, where I found this to be almost universally the case. I shall mention an instance. In the parish of Duncormick, in Bargie, I could see, by only turning round, the houses of seventeen farmers;\* every one of whom had hundreds of barrels of old corn in their yards, or, as they call them, *haggards*: none of these occupied more than from thirty to sixty acres of poor ground; for this part of Ireland owes none of its prosperity to the goodness of the soil. There was not a magistrate, and of course not a resident proprietor, within eight or nine miles; yet crime was almost unknown, and of absolute poverty there was scarcely any.

Comparative wealth is frequently found in Ireland, in conjunction with apparent poverty. Mr. Wakefield, speaking of a tenant of Admiral Pakenham, says—'He is an old man; has made a fortune, and can give his daughter *two thousand pounds*; yet she was feeding the pigs, dressed in a linsey gown, without shoe or stocking. She has been taught to read, write,

and cast accounts, at one of the common schools.' I could multiply instances in hundreds to prove that in general the Irish farmers are not deficient in capital: and, though it must be confessed that they are not the best husbandmen, yet they are by no means either so slovenly, or so ignorant of agricultural science, as is generally supposed.

It is a fact, however—and the sooner the Irish peasantry are informed of it the better—that it is in their own power to add considerably to their comforts. The cottier who should make his acre of land produce four times the quantity of vegetables which it does at present would be increasing his stock of happiness; and, if by making his pig eat more potatoes, and his family less, he procured meat for his dinner, he would be increasing the sum of human enjoyment. Yet happiness, after all, is so fugacious, that it is not easy to say what policy or what conduct will best secure it. Perhaps that principle, which impels every man to study his own advantage, is sufficient to promote the best interests of society; and that it is better to undermine bad habits by the force of public opinion than by positive laws. It is, however, in the power of the legislature to add considerably to the happiness of the Irish peasantry: but this is a subject on which I have promised not to touch. In the course of next month, however, I shall point out the feeling, the opinions, and the persons, on which wise laws would have a salutary effect.

#### LETTER FROM A LONDON STUDENT.—NO. IV.

*Leamington.*

You wonder, you say, at my silence; and I wonder no less that you should expect me to write in such hot weather as we have lately suffered under. Why it is almost impossible that any man could undergo the fatigue of holding a pen in such weather—still less that he should be able to use that pen: even a feather-weight was insupportable; and, if I

had not been so fortunate as to get under a cloud (the first that has been seen for several weeks), I should not have been able now to tell you in what part of the world my destiny has thrown me. You will not be surprised at the date of my letter, because you know that I am easily induced to ramble; and you will imagine that I could not stay in London during the hot weather. I came to

\* These seventeen farmers lived within a circle of two miles. Whoever stands at the cross of *Strakaan* may see them all; and, if he wishes for further particulars, my friend, the Rev. Mr. John Barry, P.P. of Rathangan, will, I have no doubt, communicate them.

London with O'Brady, whom you know, and who is in pursuit of a lady whose estates he has fallen desperately in love with. He offers to lay odds that she is Mrs. O'Brady within six weeks; and if you, or any of your readers, are disposed to accept them, there is no time to be lost, for he has begun the attack with great vigour, and, I think, with a very reasonable prospect of success.

I detest this kind (all kinds) of watering-places; and Leamington is not one of the best, even among bad ones. It is but lately that it has come into any kind of repute; and even now its fame is of a so-so character. Some patriotic shoemaker, whose name I forget, but whose memory is held in such veneration by the grateful people here that they think of building altars to him, was the first to bring it into notice. He procured subscriptions from the neighbouring gentry, in order to make the warm springs available for the use of the poor afflicted with chronic diseases, in the cure of which it had been found very successful. After him the great lessee of Drury Lane shed the influence of his dignity and power upon it. Under his auspices reading-rooms and assembly-rooms,—and boarding-houses,—sprung up as quickly as changes of scene in one of his own pantomimes. By dint of puffing he raised it into something like fame; and, as the report runs, even made money by his speculations. At all events he made Leamington a great place among very little ones, and even flattered himself that it would divide the favours of the fashionable world with Cheltenham. This, however, has not come to pass; and, between ourselves, I don't think it ever will. The vicinity of Birmingham is against its being generally liked. To the great hardwaremen of that most renowned town it is of course a perfect paradise of delight; but still there is a kind of plated look about it, to my thinking, a sort of counterfeit shining, which is very much against its chance of becoming any better than it is at present. It shall be, if its admirers like, to Brummagem what Cheltenham is to the rest of the world; but beyond that it must not pretend.

The hotels at Leamington are very full, but there are many houses to let; that is to say, there is a great concourse of visitors, but few people who mean to make a long stay. How long I may be here I can't tell. I came here out of mere *ennui*, and to keep O'Brady company; but, as matrimony is a mighty silly affair to all third persons, I do not promise that I shall stay here a long time. At present the originality of the company amuses me; and I have a lingering wish to see how O'Brady, who used to exclaim so much against matrimony, will conduct himself, and whether he realize the hopes of success which he so warmly indulges in.

Never, since the day in which the Patriarch Noah shut up a specimen of all created animals in his floating menagerie, has been so incongruous a collection of beings as I saw gathered together at the *table d'hôte*, on the first day I joined it. The loudest talker, and the most important personage, is the Dowager Countess of Die-hard, who, for the last five-and-twenty years, has been keeping poor Burton out of an establishment she is entitled to for life, and of which he will have the succession—that is to say, all that his friends, the Jews, will leave him. By virtue of her long residence here she sits at the top of the table; and, as I am a very late arrival, I am so happy as to be quartered at the other end. The table is pretty long; and, although I must ascend in rotation as the upper guests drop off, and as new ones arrive, I console myself with the hope that I shall quit the place altogether before my destiny shall have tontined me up to her ladyship. Blind and stupid as she is, she contrived to learn my name; and, upon the strength of having met me once at the house of a distant relation of mine, upon whom she was then inflicting a visit, she had me apprehended by her maid, and carried before her, to talk about all friends in Ireland. I made a point of not knowing any thing about it; and, after being quite teased out by her impertinence, I revenged myself, and silenced her, by telling her that her kinsman, Burton, was quite well, and (God forgive me!) that he had recently come into possession of a good



property. I understand, from some of the other guests, that she has the reputation of being the most scandalous old woman in the world; and that she is particularly hated, by all the young and pretty girls here, for the lies she invents, and the ill-natured things she says of them.

Another lady of scarcely less importance, and, if less, only inferior to Lady Die-hard, is Mrs. Hornblower. She is excessively fat; still more vulgar than fat; and, with a voice like a link-boy's, she is always carrying on a conversation during dinner with some one at the other end of the table. Her obstreperous coarseness is beautifully contrasted with Lady Die-hard's superfine quality airs; and, although they are both sufficiently disagreeable, I could sometimes hug the fat old dame Hornblower for the delightful impudence with which she contradicts the countess as often as opportunity offers.—Another of our guests is a Miss Grace Hornet, who, I am told, is a blue-stocking of no small pretensions. I had the good (or ill) fortune to sit next her at dinner, and she was kind enough to let me into the characters of some of my neighbours. She is a lean pale-faced light-haired person, of what one may venture to call a critical age; for it is just that at which people, who are not so ceremonious as I, would say she had attained the honourable title of an 'Old Maid.' I could not say so for the world, as well because the natural forbearance of my temper would not allow me, as because, if I did, and she knew it, she would put me into the novel which, as upon half an hour's acquaintance she told me, she is writing. Next to her in consequence is Mrs. Fuzmuffin, a fat West India widow, with three daughters, of complexions and features so various, that no one would suppose they were related. I heard some one say they were sisters; and, doubting the fact, I asked Miss Hornet, who first simpered, then put on a serious look, attempted a blush, and said, with her eyes cast down—'I am told so.' I saw something was wrong, and that Miss Hornet intended to telegraph some kind of scandal by her grimaces. I would not indulge her by asking an explanation; and, as I had some curiosity to have this sin-

gular fact accounted for, I asked Lady Die-hard whether Mrs. Fuzmuffin had been married more than once.

'Oh, dear, no, not that I ever heard,' replied her ladyship. 'But why do you ask?'

'Because,' I said, 'her daughters are of such different appearances, that I should have thought they were by different marriages.'

'Oh, for shame,' said the countess, trying another version of Miss Hornet's signal. 'She was never married but once. I have heard, but I cannot tell you how true the story is, that she was the wife of a sailor, who died in the West Indies, and left her wholly unprovided for. She had the good fortune to captivate the fancy of Mr. Fuzmuffin, an eminent planter, then advanced in years. My cousin Sullivan, who was captain of the Firedrake sloop of war, used to talk often of Mrs. Fuzmuffin, who had treated him with great hospitality at Jamaica, where he took the fever while his ship was repairing. You would have been ready to die with laughing at hearing him describe the wretched old man she was married to; and I assure you that the second girl, Seraphina, is the very picture of him.'

I looked as she spoke at the young lady, and the likeness was indeed strong enough to make me think I saw Roger Sullivan's broad good-humoured stupid face, blue eyes, and curling flaxen hair, before me. 'She is indeed very like Captain Sullivan,' I said.

'The likeness may be accidental,' said my Lady Die-hard, 'and Heaven forbid that we should say any thing to affect the good woman's reputation; but you are a discreet person, and will not talk of this again;' (you see how I obey her ladyship's caution;) 'and, since we are upon the subject,' she continued, 'I may tell you that the youngest girl, who is almost a mulatto, is not yet seventeen years old; while I know very well that the old planter, Fitzmuffin, has been dead more than eighteen years. They have, however, all of them great fortunes; and the old mamma brings them here to get them off. She has the impudence to think that I will assist her, but she is mistaken.'

'Think of poor Roger Sullivan, dear Lady Die-hard,' I said; 'can you look at the broad Atlantic of that unmeaning flat face, and not think of the poor captain's? Wasn't he your flesh and blood? and isn't Miss Seraphina'—

'Hush!' said her ladyship, 'the vulgar old mother approaches us. My dear Mrs. Fuzmuffin,' she said immediately, and without blushing, although I was still within hearing, 'how charmingly your three girls look! Do you know I heard Sir Bumble Puppy to-day say they were the handsomest girls in Leamington? And then he compared them to the cast of Canova's Graces, which stands in the lounging-room; but he said that they surpassed the invention of the sculptor, because, while they possessed as much beauty, they displayed it in all possible variety.'

Mrs. Fuzmuffin did not understand one syllable of what her kind friend had been saying to her, but she replied at a venture, 'I can't say, my lady, that ever I saw these Miss Comeovers as you mentioned; but my girls needn't be afraid of showing their faces along with any in Leamington.'

I did not wait to hear the conclusion of the discourse between these two ladies, because my disgust at the duplicity of the countess, and a strong inclination to laugh at the other lady's mistake, made me think it would be safest to decamp without loss of time.

The lady, upon whom O'Brady has resolved to confer the distinction of being his wife, is here also. She, too, is a widow, but very much unlike all the persons I have been describing to you: she is about six-and-twenty years of age, extremely handsome, of an agreeable disposition, as far as I can judge, and of very polished manners. O'Brady is unremittingly attentive to her; and, although she receives all his assiduities, yet I suspect she will not be persuaded to admit any warmer sentiment for him than that esteem which his open manly character is sure to inspire. He is unquestionably very much attached to her; I don't say in love, for at his years (he being as you know, four-and-thirty, though he would call any man out who ven-

tured to say so), and after the hard service he has seen in the army, he is not capable of any romantic feeling. Still he can love quite well and warmly enough to make any reasonable woman happy. There is an air of sadness, which, in spite of all her efforts, and the natural complacency of her temper, at times is apparent in Mrs. Wilton's fine countenance, and which makes me think some incurable sorrow is preying upon her heart. When I told O'Brady this, he laughed at me, and said, 'Don't I remember,' said he, in his rattling way, 'the first time I was in love myself? By my soul, I uttered more sighs in an hour than you could get out of any two pair of bellows in all Kerry. The dear creature's grief is only for fear I wouldn't make her Mrs. O'Brady; but I'll soon comfort her, and convince her how much she is mistaken. It's nothing at all, I tell you, but love;' and off he ran, singing.

*C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour.*

Among the male inhabitants of our ark we have some oddities not a jot behind the female part of the guests in singularity. Sir Bumble Puppy is one of the greatest coxcombs for his age that you ever beheld. He is now nearly sixty, dresses in a most youthful style, and wears nearly as many different colours as there are separate articles in his habiliments. I really expect to see him appear some morning with stockings of different colours, like Touchstone in the play. Miss Grace Hornet is very fond of promenading it with the baronet; and, as there are few ladies besides who will accept of his escort, he is glad to avail himself of her protection. She is affected and pedantic to an insufferable degree, and delights in classical illusions. She came the other evening, leaning on Sir Bumble Puppy's arm, to the end of the room at which O'Brady and I were standing, to summon us, in the name of Lady Die-hard, to a quadrille. 'I come,' she lisped out, twisting her lean neck into all kinds of ugly forms at the same time, 'by command of the queen goddess, to call you to her throne. I am Iris, the messenger of Juno.'

'I am sure you are, and nobody



else,' said O'Brady, 'because you are never seen without your many-coloured *beau*.'

'Excessively good, upon my honour,' drawled out Sir Bumble Pappy; 'very brilliant indeed, Captain O'Brady;' and he repeated the pun as well as he could, sometimes correctly, sometimes incorrectly, to all the people who would listen to him, ending every version with 'Isn't it uncommonly good now?' and making himself ridiculous with a most astonishing pertinacity.

The Reverend Mr. Flint is a tall languishing sentimental parson, who talks with the young ladies, and makes himself interesting upon all possible occasions. He says Grace at dinner, and is so long about it that the soup gets chilled before he has finished. O'Brady, who is a graceless

person, says that, owing to the parson and Miss Hornet, there are two languid and more disagreeable *Graces* at this table than at any he ever met before. Nothing but his function has saved him from O'Brady's resentment. He dared to cast his clerical eyes at Mrs. Wilton with an expression of admiration, which is high treason against the captain's dignity; and he caught him, besides, talking to her about a society for distributing baby-linen. He swears that the parson is attempting to cant himself into her good graces; and, for my own part, I can't help suspecting that he is a great hypocrite.

Such are some of the guests here, and I expect they will produce me some amusement. If they do, you may rely on my communicating it to you; and that I am always yours, &c.

#### CLINTON'S LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LORD BYRON.\*

AMONG the many volumes which have been published, since the lamented death of Lord Byron, relating to him, we have seen none which, in all respects, satisfies us so well as this. It supplies a deficiency which has been felt to a great extent, and at the same time pays a just tribute to the illustrious memory of the greatest poet of our times. The life of such a poet as Lord Byron would be comparatively uninteresting, but for the immediate reference and connexion which it must necessarily have to his works. Devoted as the greater part of his existence was to the composition of poems, which must last as long as the English language is spoken, a critical notice of those poems, and a history of the times at which they were written, and of the circumstances which, in some instances, influenced their production, seems as essential a part of 'the life' of Lord Byron as the detail of the events which befell him; and which differ in few respects—excepting its catastrophe, perhaps, in none—from those which fall to the ordinary lot of mankind. In the life of a general, a description of the battles in which he signalized himself is an important and necessary part of it. Who could understand the life

of a painter or a sculptor, or an architect, unless the productions upon which their several reputations are established should be described in words, or represented by engravings? Not less expedient is it that the life of a poet should be accompanied by analytical descriptions, criticisms, and extracts, of such a nature as may enable the reader to form an estimate of the justness of the opinions which are expressed concerning the poet.

In the volume before us this end seems to have been very successfully attained. It presents a regular and well-written account of the principal incidents of Lord Byron's life, up to the period of his making his first appearance in the literary world. His juvenile poems, now become doubly interesting, are given at some length. The criticism which they provoked, and the revenge which the poet took upon his assailants, are also described with sufficient minuteness. From this period his lordship's life and his literary productions are inseparably connected; and they are treated of in this natural junction, which it would be impossible to loosen without injury to both. The extracts are numerous and copious: necessarily restricted within certain bounds, in order that they may not infringe upon

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron.* By George Clinton. Robins, 1825.

the property of others, they are still extensive enough to enable the general reader to form a correct estimate of their merit, and to convey a just idea of the subjects to which they relate, as well as of the interest which they create. The voluminous nature of Lord Byron's poems renders it obvious that they are not within the reach of every class of readers; but this volume, which, for its size, is singularly cheap, will enable all persons to acquire such an acquaintance as almost every man ought to possess with the works of this poet.

It has been deeply and bitterly regretted, by many sincere admirers of Lord Byron, that his '*Don Juan*' is not a proper book to be put into the hands of all persons, and that the mind of youth may be inflamed and depraved, and that the modesty of that sex, of which modesty is the chief ornament, may be wounded, by an indiscriminate perusal of the whole of that poem. This is the more lamentable, because '*Don Juan*' contains, mixed up with much of that which has deserved these severe reprehensions, some of the most exquisitely pure and passionate poetry that our whole literature can produce. In the volume of which we speak this difficulty has been obviated, and the poem is described so as to make it perfectly intelligible, while none of the extracts are at all objectionable.

It is difficult to select extracts from a work like these *Memoirs*, because every part of them is equally interesting. The following, however, shows, in an original point of view, a personage who has been much talked of—Lord Byron's servant, Fletcher:—

'Lord Byron was attended during the whole of his stay in Venice by his servant Fletcher, who seems to have been as faithful and as foolish a servant as ever man had. This man had been a shoemaker in the neighbourhood of Newstead, and was so much attached to his master that he even found courage enough to accompany him on his travels in the East:—no unequivocal proof of affection in a man who hated foreign parts, and loved a wife whom he left at home. Lord Byron's letters to his mother were full of jokes about Fletcher, who seems to have given him at least as much trouble as he occa-

sioned him amusement. He says that in Turkey the valet used always to be sighing after the delights he had left in England, among which were included beef, porter, tea, and his wife Sally. His fears (for valour was no part of Fletcher's character) were troublesome enough sometimes, when it was necessary for the travellers to "assume the virtue of courage if they had it not." When the letters from Lord Byron to his mother shall be published—and why they are withheld no man can guess, for there is not a word in them to hurt the feelings of any human being—it will be seen that the faithful servant cuts a prominent and always a funny figure. In one of them, if we remember rightly, Lord Byron says something to this effect:

"Fletcher, after having been toasted, roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophize; is grown a refined as well as a resigned character; and promises at his return to be an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite. He, Fletcher, begs leave to send half a dozen sighs to Sally, his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill-written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand. As for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know that we are well, and warm enough at this present writing. God knows you must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you."

'Lord Byron used to say that Fletcher vexed him past endurance upon one occasion, when he was so much provoked that he was near shooting him. It was when Lord Byron was visiting the Pantheon; and, while his soul was burning with indignation at the havoc which had been committed there, Fletcher came up to him with a look of ineffable stupidity, and said, pointing to one of the massy fragments of the ruin, "Law! if we had this *marvel* in England, what nice mantel-pieces we could make out of it, my lord." It will be admitted this was enough to move the choler of a less irritable person than Lord Byron. Poor Fletcher, however, escaped shooting.

'Lord Byron was at all times of his life plagued by female correspondents, some of whose letters breathed the passion with which his lordship's poetry had inspired them in no equivocal language. His lordship did not treat their favours as they deserved, for, if he did not choose to



reply to the epistles, he should have consigned them to the flames. He had no secrets himself, and was the worst man in the world to keep those of other people: the letters were tossed about, and fell into Fletcher's hands, who, when he had a love-letter to compose on his own account, availed himself of the passionate expressions of his master's fair correspondents. One of his favourite figures extracted from one of these letters, and that which he used when he wanted to make an irresistible impression upon the object of his passion, was to say, that he was "a blasted laurel struck by a *metre*."

'The assiduity with which he imitated his master's whimsical extravagances, and which, odd as they were in poor Lord Byron, became in Fletcher's *travestimento* a thousand times more funny, procured him the nick-name of Leporello, by which title Lord Byron usually designated him.

'Notwithstanding these and some other oddities, Fletcher was a very affectionate and faithful servant to a master who deserved a good servant, and who knew his good qualities too well not to look at his whimsicalities in the right point of view.'

Nothing can be more interesting than the contemplation of the manner in which such a poet as Sir Walter Scott speaks of Lord Byron: the praise he bestows upon him is true to the letter. The justice and eloquence with which it is expressed are as honourable to the writer's judgment, as the kind and touching tone of manly sorrow which pervades it is to his heart:—

'As various in composition as Shakespeare himself (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his "*Don Juan*"), he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from the slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion or a situation which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the weeping and the laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither "*Childe Harold*," nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of "*Don Juan*," amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind. But that noble tree

will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest:

"All that's bright must fade,

The brightest still the fleetest."

'With a strong feeling of awful sorrow we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor. To have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerated calumny has propagated against Byron.'

The author of the volume ends with the following passage, in which we heartily concur:—

'The death of Lord Byron has, however, reconciled all opinions. Envy is dead, and that spirit of criticism which induced some persons to cavil at what they had neither hearts to feel nor heads to understand is at rest for ever. The bitterness of the grief which Lord Byron's decease occasioned has also lost much of its force, and it is now regarded only as a loss deep and irreparable, but one which must be endured. In the mean time his fame has soared to the highest point, and, in all the range of English poetry, there are few who claim a more brilliant place. In the memory of all who knew him he will live while they exist; and, when all who breathed the same air with him shall have gone to join him in the world which he now inhabits, his works will hold the same station as they now occupy in the minds of all men while the literature of England shall continue. This shall be really to live, and in this fame is the real triumph over the grave.

He is not dead, he does but sleep—

He hath awakened from the dream of life:

'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions,  
keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance strike with our  
spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. We decay  
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and  
grief  
Convulse us, and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within  
our living clay.

To the memory of Lord Byron  
there can be no more just or grateful  
tribute; because it shows at once  
the grounds upon which his fame  
rests, and the just title he has earned  
to that deathless reputation which his  
name must for ever enjoy. To the  
public no present can be more ac-  
ceptable; because it exhibits to  
them, in a concise form, the promi-  
nent beauties of the best modern  
English poet; and, at the same time,

an interesting biography of one of  
the country's most distinguished or-  
naments.

Whilst Mr. Clinton appears to have  
diligently embodied all that is most  
interesting in the numerous publica-  
tions which have issued from the  
press respecting Lord Byron since  
his decease, he has displayed talent  
as well as diligence; and in his vo-  
lume will be found much original  
criticism, written with perspicuity  
and beauty. Another of its attrac-  
tions must not be passed over: it  
contains no less than forty designs,  
from the exquisite pencil of George  
Cruikshank, which are alone worth  
more than the price of the volume.

FRAGMENT FOUND IN THE ROOM IN WHICH CHATTERTON DIED.

\* \* \* \*

— ARM'D for death, I wait the coming hour;  
Sure God approves, or He'd deny the power;  
For life unasked He gave me ere I knew  
'Twas boon or curse, or aught which might ensue;  
No choice was left, did not his justice give  
The means of death, when I dislike to live;  
Yet, ere on death's dark dreary path I go,  
And quit a world which gave me nought but woe,  
I must indulge a few regrets, that still,  
Like human duties, act against the will  
They would persuade—that yet protracted days  
Might find reward in fortune and in praise—  
That youth's first dreams (alas! how grand and frail)  
Might be fulfilled, and better hopes prevail.  
So when the raft on angry waves is tossed,  
And hope and life appear together lost,  
Some master mind still grasps the useless oar,  
And cheers his messmates with the hopes of shore;  
But hopes are vain, new storms around them sweep  
Till wretched life finds refuge in the deep.  
Live me! ah, no! my youthful hopes are dead—  
My prospects fade, and every joy is fled.  
Relief I've sought—unless withheld by shame;  
Yet *three days' hunger* still oppress my frame.  
Conscious of merit, my unsuspecting mind  
Thought in each name I should a patron find;  
To show my worth I fancied would obtain  
Applause from wits, and from the wealthy gain;  
But Greatness heard not though I various sung,  
And jealous Learning whispered 'He is young:'  
Nay, some defamed me—though I did no more  
Than Walpole's self and others did before;  
I wronged no merit and aspersed no name,  
My crime was but defrauding *self of fame*;  
But, worthless wits, I know indeed too late  
How small your praises, but how large your hate!  
Ignoble foes, I scorn, but envy not,  
For Chatterton shall live when you're forgot!

\* \* \* \*







DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ<sup>r</sup>

*Drawn by J. Callerson Smith — Engraved by A. Cooper.*

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## MEMOIR OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

IN countries even the most despotic there is generally deposited an inert, or rather chaotic, mass of mind, which requires only to be breathed on by some pure and ardent spirit, to make it shoot up into the form and character of public virtue. Ireland has frequently exhibited this moral phenomenon; but never more conspicuously than at the present moment. The nation seems now resolved, as one man, to cast off the *slough* of a slavish supineness, and assert their claims to those rights which impolicy and injustice would withhold from them. For this cheering and splendid spectacle we are, in a great measure, indebted to the patriotic individual whose portrait ornaments our present number.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq. was born in 1775. He is descended from a line of ancestors who once enjoyed regal sway in that part of Ireland now known as the county of Kerry. Unlike many of the Irish families, the O'Connells have retained their ancient patrimony, or at least a reasonable equivalent, being now the most extensive proprietors in their native county.

Mr. O'Connell, being intended for the church, was sent at an early age to prosecute his studies at St. Omer's; for the bigoted policy of the times prohibited the education of Catholic youths within the dominions of the monarch whose laws they were subsequently to obey. Either Mr. O'Connell's parents mistook the disposition of their son, or, what is more probable, the son discovered his want of a vocation; for, after finishing his studies, he abandoned all thoughts of the sacred profession, and betook himself to 'Coke upon Littleton,' and the other erudite authorities on the English laws. Before his twenty-third year he had devoured the usual quantities of dinners in the Middle Temple, and in 1798 was called to the Irish Bar—a profession, to the minor honours of which Catholics had only just obtained admission.

Mr. O'Connell had not to complain of the difficulties which usually environ a candidate in his progress at the Bar. His great abilities, legal knowledge, and acuteness of intellect, soon procured him clients, and in a

few years he was in the enjoyment of what might be called respectable business. Of rather an ardent disposition, and having his political sensibilities irritated by the insulting vexations thrown in the way of a Catholic barrister, he quickly identified himself with those who were seeking redress from a code of oppressive laws which lay, and still lie, incubi-like, upon the energies of the Irish people. Public meetings afforded a peculiar field for the display of those talents with which Mr. O'Connell is gifted, and accordingly he soon became one of the most popular speakers at Catholic assemblies in the metropolis. His fearless advocacy of the rights of the people, his avowed attachment to the interests of his country and his unconquerable good humour, were claims on an Irish audience which were instantly responded to by heart-felt applause and unlimited confidence. The Catholics instantly recognised him as the Achilles of their cause; and, like the Grecian hero, he has proved invulnerable to the attacks of his enemies.

During the career of the Catholic Board, Mr. O'Connell was one of its most zealous members; and such was the sense entertained of his patriotic services, that his colleagues unanimously voted his lady a piece of plate, of a thousand pounds value.

Under the iron reign of the Richmonds and the Saurins, the Catholic Board was suppressed, and Mr. O'Connell was tacitly acknowledged 'leader' of the Irish people; since which time he has published an annual address to his ill-used and oppressed countrymen.

In 1815 politics ran more than usually high in the Irish metropolis. The Dublin Corporation—a knot of monopolizing bigots—not only petitioned the legislature against any further concession to nine-tenths of their fellow-citizens, but were in the constant habit of insulting them at all their convivial meetings. Being not only insignificant in talent and respectability, but, as a body, notoriously bankrupt, Mr. O'Connell, at a public meeting, called them a 'beggarly corporation.' The soup and-

strawberry (they are too poor to eat turtle) devouring faction looked big, talked of the insult, and mumbled something about satisfaction. One of their needy members, excited by the hope of deserving corporation gratitude, assumed the bravo, and undertook to chastise the Catholic leader. The name of this unfortunate and deluded man was D'Esterre. Attended by some Orange satellites, he ostentatiously paraded the streets, with a horsewhip in his hand; but, not meeting Mr. O'Connell, he addressed to him a note, calling on him either to fight a duel or apologize. In a moment, we suppose, of irritation, the subject of our memoir forgot the claims of his family—of his country—the injunctions of religion, and the value of his own life—committed his conduct to the discretion of friends, and met his opponent. The result is well known—D'Esterre fell, contrary to the anticipation of a ferocious few, who confidently calculated on the death of Mr. O'Connell; for the victim of his own rashness was reckoned *a good shot*.

Soon after this melancholy affair, Mr. O'Connell was once more compelled to intrust his honour to his friends. A misunderstanding arose about some words spoken between himself and Mr. Peel, the then Irish secretary. A meeting was to have taken place, but, rumour of the intended duel having got abroad, both parties were bound to keep the peace. This result not proving satisfactory, they agreed to meet on the Continent; but Mr. O'Connell being arrested on his arrival at London, on his way to France, he was held to bail not to fight Mr. Peel, before the Court of King's Bench; and thus terminated this unpleasant affair.

As Mr. O'Connell's history is the history of the Catholic cause for the last five-and-twenty years, it must be quite unnecessary to go into details which cannot but be familiar to all our readers. His success at the Bar is the best evidence of his abilities as a lawyer, and the virulence of his enemies the best proof of his valuable services as a Catholic leader. Had it not been for his services, the Catholics would not now occupy the station they do—on the verge of emancipation.

Our readers have, no doubt, read in our number for last month the observations of our esteemed contributor, S. on the merits and peculiarities of Mr. O'Connell's oratory. All who have heard the Catholic advocate can appreciate their justness, and we shall not weaken their force by amplification; for any further comment would be nothing more.

As Mr. O'Connell is the life and soul of the great cause which now agitates not only Ireland, but the empire, we shall not now enter upon the question of his recent conduct; numerous opportunities for doing so will be perpetually presenting themselves in the progress of our work; but we cannot even here omit doing justice to the good sense of the Irish people. The brand of discord was thrown among them by some thoughtless—though, we doubt not, sincere—persons; and the flame was augmented by the polluted breath of Ireland's worst enemies. The nation saw its dangers, and wisely averted it, by quenching the incipient spark of dissension in the cup of union and good fellowship. Want of success too often cancels former obligations; but Mr. O'Connell's countrymen are not the 'Cynthias of a minute.' They recollected his past services, appreciated the purity of his motives, and loved him, as it were, the better for those attributes which allowed him to be in some measure deceived. His great mistake was in judging other men by the standard within his own breast: his error was an amiable one, and so thought the people of Ireland; for, since his return with the Catholic Deputation, they have drowned the 'still small voice' of censure in one general burst of national gratitude. Every where he has been received with feelings honourable to the nation, and worthy of the man; who is not immaculate, but who has rendered himself of incalculable service to a suffering people.

Mr. O'Connell is the beloved father of a numerous progeny; and, respecting his conduct in his own house—where the bad man can't be good—there is but one opinion. Calumny has never been able to discover aught to detract from his estimable qualities as a private individual.



## LEGACY HUNTING.

Among the many miserable and humiliating spectacles which so often present themselves in the crowded streets of the richest capital in the world, a pauper's funeral is one of the most melancholy. It is like a parody upon the gorgeous pageantry with which the opulent deck out this last act of their tragedy or farce; for, to a great portion of them, life is either a tragedy or a farce. A workhouse funeral glides through the streets silent and noteless, so humble in its appearance, so slender in its retinue, that the busy crowd who jostle past it, on either side, hardly see that they are shouldering a substance which is now that which they must soon be, and in which but lately the same swarm of agitating passions and feelings was hived. The coffin of the coarsest and worst materials—for your parish undertaker only finds it difficult to provide such as are not *too* good for his customers; a pall, once velvet, but now, by long service, grown brown and bare; cloaks plentifully darned, and yet scarcely enough to hide all the holes which time and the innumerable wearers of these 'solemn suits of customary'—not 'black,' but russet; and all the other appointments bearing marks of that niggard spirit with which the reckless survivors yield the last decencies of mortality to those who can no longer minister to their pride or their profit.

The 'mourners' are commonly two imbeciles, palsied or idiots; who, being unable to work, are made to act dumb sorrows, which they can inspire in others, but cannot feel themselves, and to stand with their hats off beside the open grave, while the voluble parson profanely jabbars so much of the burial service as he thinks a pauper's soul can want or deserve. Even the place of burial is usually different from that of others, whom Misery has not marked for her own; and a dismal spot of ground, in some wretched neighbourhood, is set apart for the interment of the poor: thus keeping up, even in the manner of rotting, a distinction between the different orders of society, and giving the lie to the proverb,

which says that 'the grave levels all ranks.'

I never see a pauper's funeral but I follow it, to observe the manner in which the cold corpse is consigned to its mother earth. You may infer from this that I am an idle person, that I possess some singular tastes, and that I am of a melancholy turn. Your first conclusions would be sufficiently correct; but you would be mistaken in the last. I do not seek melancholy occasions—God knows they find a man out often enough, let his path lie whither it may!—on the contrary, I love laughter, and am of a mercurial disposition; and yet there are times when a melancholy spectacle acts as a mental corroborant, and strengthens one's thoughts up to the ills one has to bear, by showing the misery of many, and the vanity of all things under the sun. Lady Montague, somewhere, in one of her letters, written when she had become old, and when, although not less witty, she was more wise than in her younger days, recommends her daughter, who had been speaking in terms of the strongest affection of her children, not to love them too much, nor to indulge even in all their natural force those feelings which, in a young mother, are at once so beautiful and so powerful; because she reminds her, that, by some of the accidents to which 'flesh is heir,' she might be deprived of her children, and that then her grief would be proportioned to the intense love which she had borne them. She enjoins her, therefore, to love them less; and to prepare her mind, by checking and curbing it, for the disappointments which, in all human probability, she would be doomed to bear. It is a cold and heartless precept, applied in this way; and all that this witty profligate said and did was nearly of the same character; but, as applied to the things of the world generally, nothing can be more wise. It is hateful, as an attempt to loosen the holiest bond that can connect human sympathies; but it is sage, as a divine revelation, if it is regarded only in the form of a caution to men not to let their hearts fasten

and take root upon the rocky path which they have here to tread. If any man thinks too well and too fondly of the world, let him go and contemplate a pauper's funeral.

This train of thought was generated in my mind a short time ago, as, in making my way from Soho Square, I encountered, in some of the defiles thereabouts—the name of which I cannot recollect—one of these spectacles. It was on one of those days—of which we have so many in England, and with which no other country is cursed—a small drizzling rain was falling, which, with the assistance of the smoke and bad air in the neighbourhood I speak of, produced a sort of palpable fog, at once uncomfortable to the feelings and depressing the spirits: it was, in short, such a day as a man, if he had to choose, would wish to be buried on. The coffin was preceded by a fat red-faced undertaker's man, who wore the undress costume of his tribe; that is to say, all black, with the exception of his stockings, which were white, and over which he wore a pair of very dirty Hessian boots. The coffin was borne by some of the workhouse men, whose coats and jackets, of various colours, were seen under the scanty pall. A paralytic idiot, in a suit of gaudy livery—for the parish officers can buy cast-off finery at a cheaper rate than more sober clothes—followed the coffin; and beside him walked an old man, in whose looks there was an expression of sincere grief, which principally attracted my attention. He was dressed in decent black, and appeared to be too deeply affected by the sorrowful task he was engaged in to notice the grimaces of the half-witted fool who was placed, as if in mockery, beside him. The procession moved pretty quickly along the streets, and, by a sudden turning, was brought in sight of a workhouse burying-ground, which it entered. I followed, and saw the ceremony performed in the usual cold and careless manner, which I had witnessed too often to be surprised at. I should, perhaps, have quitted the place, and have thought nothing, as I knew nothing more of the person who had been interred, but that, as I stooped over

the grave, I read upon the coffin-plate a name which was familiar to me: it was Francis Post-Obit, who, it appeared, had died in the thirty-eighth year of his age. I had known a man of this name some years before, and his age would perhaps have been just that of the corpse lying before me; but, as his fortune was at that time good, and his expectations much better, I thought it could by no possibility be the same person: still a feeling of curiosity kept me near the grave until the funeral was over. The old man, whom I had before observed, looked sorrowfully into the grave; and, as he turned away, put his hand to his eyes. I followed him, and soon learnt from him that the unfortunate man who had been thus obscurely buried was the same I had once known, and that the old man, who gave me this information, had been his father's servant. From him I obtained some particulars, which, joined to facts already within my knowledge, acquainted me with nearly the whole of Post-Obit's history.

His father was a clergyman in the north of England, who, having nothing else to give him, bestowed on him an education which would have fitted him for almost any employment in which talents and information were requisite. At Cambridge the young man acquired a taste for expense, which he saw with bitterness that he could never hope to gratify; but this conviction, instead of making him contented with his lot, only irritated still further his desires; and the possession of wealth seemed to him the only happiness which a reasonable man ought to strive to attain. He often said that it appeared to him there was only one good and one evil in the world—the first was riches; the second, poverty. Soon after his quitting college, the death of a very distant relation, without children, put him into the possession of a small estate; which, although it was not enough to have satisfied his desires, would have been very useful in enabling him to pursue his advancement in the world by other means. It had, however, a directly contrary effect upon him; he thought that, as, among his relations, there



were many wealthy persons, he might, by exerting himself to please them, induce them to leave him their fortunes when they should happen to die; and, of all methods of gaining money, none seemed to him at once so easy and pleasant as that of inheriting. He always dressed in black himself, and thought it in others the most interesting habit possible. A funeral was a gala to him; and he even solicited to be invited to those of all his acquaintance, because the lugubrious ceremonies were so congenial to the temper of his mind.

Among the relations whom he had marked out, and of whom he proposed to himself the pleasure of being the principal legatee, were an uncle and aunt. He paid them visits, and was so assiduous in his attentions to each—so affectionate in the expression of his letters—so disinterested in all his proceedings—that, as they were without children, or any other near relation, they both, at nearly the same moment, invited him to come and take up his abode with them; intimating, though not expressly saying, that it would be worth his while to do so. A hint like this—for which he had been waiting—was not thrown away upon Post-Obit; but there was something embarrassing in the choice which he felt obliged to make. He was aware that to live with the one would compel him to renounce the other; because, besides their hating one another in that cordial manner so common among near relatives, they lived in different parts of the country. Post-Obit debated the matter well in his own mind, and took the sagest precautions, in order to ensure a correct judgment on the subject. In the first place he procured the certificates of his relations' baptism, and he sent, at some expense, a medical person to examine into the health of each of them. He had estimates made at assurance offices, and consulted the celebrated dumb fortune-teller as to the duration of their lives. At length, having got all his proofs together, and examined them with great coolness, he decided in favour of the aunt; because she was nearly as rich as the uncle, and was

twelve years older. He, therefore, wrote to her that he should be happy to devote his whole life to making hers happy; and prepared to follow up his letter by his own personal assurances.

The old lady accepted his offer, and understood it literally. She expected, as rich and old people sometimes do, that her caprices were to be laws to all around her, and that nobody was to look or breathe but for her pleasure. A more despotic old dowager never lived for the torment of others. Post-Obit went about his task with great ardour: he studied the old lady's character, and laid down a plan of making himself perfectly agreeable to her in every respect, with the hope that he might become so necessary to her happiness that she could never do without him. He was indefatigable; and Heaven knows that he ought to have been so, for the old lady was unreasonable to the last degree. She was fond of reading, but her eyesight was so feeble that she dared not exercise it; and, therefore, Post-Obit was obliged to read to her morning, noon, and night. She went out but little, and then only for a short time; she was visited by none but old worn-out court ladies; and Post-Obit was as completely chained to her side as ever house-dog was to his kennel: nay, worse—he was not let loose at night; for the old lady could not go to sleep without the help of some novel-writer; and the devoted young man was obliged to sit by her bed-side, yawning over the beauties of the Minerva press, until his heart sickened.

This was all very irksome, but, nevertheless, very necessary; for the old lady had other relations, who were upon the watch, and who, if Post-Obit had made the least default in his attentions to her, would have endeavoured to supplant him. To increase his chagrin, his aunt seemed to grow young again; his unwearied attention rendered her so tranquil and comfortable, that her health was better than ever, and he began to think that he was defeating his own object; but he was, at the same time, convinced that to relax in his

assiduity would be to destroy his hopes.

While these thoughts were uppermost in his mind, he received a letter, which informed him that his uncle was at the point of death, and had expressed a strong desire to see him. Post-Obit thought that a man given over by his physicians was more likely to die than an old woman in such excellent health as his aunt was, and he therefore set off to the dying man, without taking leave of his aunt. When he arrived at his uncle's bed-side, he was so attentive, and so adroitly excused himself for not having been to see him before, that the sick man was soon appeased. Nothing could equal the anxiety of Post-Obit for his dear uncle's life, and it seemed to produce the impression he wished. 'My dear nephew,' said the uncle, 'if you had been with me, I should never have been reduced to this state.'—'My dear uncle,' the nephew could have replied, but did not, 'if you had not been reduced to this state, I should never have been with you.'

Still the old gentleman continued in a deplorable state of health. The physicians said they could do nothing for him; but, like all sick men, the patient was not satisfied unless he took physic. A quack doctor had been recommended, whose skill his uncle was desirous to try; and, as Post-Obit knew that, although there are some diseases which even able physicians cannot cure, there is always a great chance for the heir when a quack comes in to practice, he consented that he should prescribe. By chance, or by that ill luck which seemed to beset Post-Obit, this quack cured his uncle; and, in a few weeks, he had the disappointment of seeing him restored to an excellent state of health. The quack dabbled a little in alchymy; and his success having given him a great influence over the old gentleman, who was not the wisest of God's creatures, he made him believe that he possessed the secret of compounding the *elixir vita*. One day the old man broke into his nephew's room, almost jumping for joy. 'My dear Frank,' he said, 'I have a secret

to tell you, with which you will be delighted. You know the doctor who has cured me?'

'Yes; and I know, too, that he has laid me under an eternal obligation by doing so,' replied the affectionate nephew.

'Ay; but you don't know,' rejoined the uncle, 'the extent of your obligation. He has imparted to me a secret.'

'What?' asked Frank, eagerly, 'has he taught you to make gold?'

'Oh! no; better than that.'

'What can be better than that?'

'He has taught me a secret, by which I can prolong my life several thousand years.'

Frank could have told his uncle that he was an old fool, but he refrained. He saw that the quack was a dangerous man, so he quarrelled with him the same evening, by way of getting rid of him. The result was, however, quite contrary to his expectations; for his uncle, instead of dismissing the quack, besought his dear nephew to quit his house, 'because,' he said, 'the secret of enjoying life was too important to be trifled with; and the doctor could not pursue the necessary labour and studies under the same roof with a person who had provoked him to an altercation, and who evidently bore him ill will.' Frank saw that his empire was destroyed, and that the old man's fear, together with the doctor's impudence, had made the latter lord of the ascendant; so, without wasting time in remonstrances, he took his departure, in the hope of being reconciled to his aunt.

The abrupt manner in which he had quitted her caused her, in the first instance, the most poignant sorrow. She had survived those years in which people weep for the loss of any object on which their affections may be placed; but Frank had so long ministered to her comforts, that she deplored his absence because she missed the care and attention he used to bestow upon her. It happened that an Irish footman, whom Frank had discharged, came to inquire for his late master; and learning, from the lady's maid, how things



were, he presented himself in the character of a gentleman, the junior branch of a respectable family; and, in a week after his first appearance, the old lady married him. When Frank returned, Lawrence O'Brady, Esq. welcomed him with the greatest cordiality, and appeared to have got rid of the degrading recollection that he had ever blacked his boots.

Poor Frank was now almost in despair. To renew his acquaintance with his uncle was impossible, for the quack doctor had made such good use of his time, that he had inspired the old man with a perfect hatred for his nephew. It would, besides, not have been worth while, for the doctor engaged him so deeply in the pursuit of the *elixir vite* and the philosopher's stone, that his fortune was dissipated, and he died just in time to save himself from utter poverty. He had resolved never again to have any thing to do with legacy hunting, but to endeavour, with the little fortune he had left, to become rich by his own exertions; when he was informed, by a particular friend, that there was an old gentleman of the same name as himself, extremely rich, without any relations, who was desirous of finding out some one of his own family, however remotely connected, to inherit his vast fortune. He thought it would be worth while to visit him; and, without raising his expectations too high, he fancied that it was probable he might reap some benefit from the old man's favourable intentions. Here better success attended him. The old man was fascinated by his obliging manners; and his desire to please, which had, from long practice, become habitual to him, made such an impression upon his namesake, that, after a very short acquaintance, he proposed to make Frank his heir. Now a prospect of wealth seemed, indeed, to open upon

him. His new friend possessed extensive estates, which he took Frank to visit. He pointed out to him all these advantages in the minutest manner, in order that he might be acquainted with property which was soon to be his own. He sent for an attorney in the next town, and had his will prepared, by which he made Frank the sole possessor of all his riches, of every description. After this act of generosity he was so complaisant as to die within a fortnight; and Frank saw the golden object, for which he had so long toiled, now within his grasp, and placed there, as it were, by accident.

He entered upon the possession of his estates, and retained them not quite a year. It appeared that the old gentleman was possessed of the property, which he had bequeathed, under a family settlement; and, although he had the right of disposing of it in any way he chose, yet that disposition must be accompanied by certain formalities, which the country attorney had wholly neglected. The next heir commenced a suit in Chancery, Frank was turned out of possession, and the estate put into the hands of a receiver, until the question could be fully and properly discussed. The lawyers whom he consulted advised him by all means to defend his claim; he followed their advice, sold his small property to pay their bills, was seized with sickness while attending the Court of Chancery, sent by the person in whose house he had lodgings to the workhouse, and there died in misery, having no other attendant than the old servant whom I saw following him to the grave. Such was the fate of a man who might have been happy in himself, and an ornament to society, but whose fatal passion for legacy hunting destroyed his hopes and his happiness.



## THE HERMIT IN IRELAND.—NO. VII.

## THE BLACK ROCK.

GENTLE READER, art thou disposed to melancholy? If thou art, I shall give thee wherewithal to nourish it. Start not when I tell thee that the sorrows and the joys of the Hermit are nearly over! My days, in reality, are numbered: I am about to be gathered to my fathers, and all the instructive observations, all the amusing incidents, which I had treasured up for your improvement or gratification, are destined to pass away with me. I am at this moment the condemned, but submissive, instrument of the doctor. Friends have been sent adrift—conversation prohibited—animal food denied—the cheering bottle removed—and the Black Rock recommended to me as a place in which the little remnant of life may wear out tranquilly. The

privilege of wielding the grey goose quill—that potent weapon—that mighty instrument of little men—this privilege I was anxious to retain. I had much to say to the world before my departure: I had some long confessions to make, and some good advice to impart. My medical guide, however, would not hear of it. Among other things, I was bent on leaving after me a sort of general satire, to show that, if mankind were vicious or silly, there was one, at least, who stood exempt from the common failing. This, I thought, was due to my character and my memory. I hinted something of it to the doctor: he frowned, and retired. Next day I began an expostulatory epistle: it was in verse, and I felt certain that it must soften him:—

Nay, ere I die, allow me but one rhyme,  
To brand the frauds and follies of my time;  
Let me but have, ere Fate shall call me hence,  
One parting hit at empty Impudence;  
Let me just touch stale Dullness on her throne,  
Or make old Humbug by her leer be known;  
One little hour, in humblest mood, I ask,  
To strip sly Knavery of his brazen mask;  
One burst of spleen on Quackery let me vent,—  
Grant me but this, and then I go content.

I had got thus far when he entered: he glanced at the paper. 'You have not long,' said he, 'to remain here, and an attempt like what you mention would shorten your time by at least one half:—go to the fields, and take a gentle walk.'

I arose with a sigh, put on my studying head-dress (I mean my Macassar goat-skin cap), and, after strolling slowly up my favourite green lane, I reached the open fields that lie between the Rock and Stillorgan. The little walk had already fatigued me: I laid me down upon a green bank beneath the shelter of some spreading hawthorns: I drew from my pocket a little volume of 'Poems, by various Authors.' Chance led me to the 'Pastoral Ballads' of the gentle Shenstone. I began 'Ye Shepherds, so cheerful and gay,' and proceeded nearly to the conclusion, when, looking up, I, for the first time, perceived that I was in reality a shepherd. Se-

veral flocks of sheep were browsing quietly around me,—apparently they had no guide or guardian but myself. 'This indeed,' said I, 'is a sign—a pleasing illusion before death—it is well, however! let me expire in the midst of pastoral joys and rural dreams.' 'Whose sheep are these?' said a stranger who passed. 'Mister Saurin's,' replied a young voice from a bush just beside me. The spell at once was broken—a stately mansion, surrounded with thriving plantations, stood directly before me. I knew it at the moment as the residence of my old Frenchified friend—the ruler of Ireland under the Richmonds—the Talbots, and the Whitworths—the mild prosecutor of the unguarded libeller—the sworn chum of the chubby chancellor—the gentle, the liberal, the beautiful William Saurin. I started from my seat—I crawled on through the fields, and who should I meet, upon a narrow path, but the

owner of the flocks which I had been unintentionally tending? I had the honour of a salute—a stranger's salute. 'This man,' thought I, 'is evidently going—he begins to break down rapidly—his removal from office was a blow for which he was unprepared, and he has never recovered from its effect: he has been declining ever since.' I was in the courts on the day that his great rival Plunkett assumed, or rather resumed, the office of attorney-general. Mr. Saurin, as I recollect, sat near him: he was engaged in conversation with some young lawyer, whose jests on that occasion must have possessed a peculiar liveliness, for they frequently brought a smile to the grave face of the fallen functionary; indeed, I thought these smiles, for the moment, were rather assumed; there was a tinge of melancholy about them that was almost sufficient to draw tears even from an enemy: the features altogether appeared as if made up for the day: it was evident that within the strife of passions ran high. In the neighbourhood of the Rock he bears a fair character—a good father, a stanch friend, and an indulgent master.

\* \* \* \*

I passed round the domain of Mr. Saurin, and returned homewards by the Stillorgan road. The houses of the Rock were just in sight, and I was indulging myself with the thoughts of a quiet rest after my long walk, when I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a lively smack of a whip across the shoulders. I looked up—it was himself—no other but the redoubtable, the renowned, 'the dreaded and the dreadless' Sir Harcourt Lees. He was dressed as usual—spatterdashed to the knees—buck-skinned to the hips—the small hat covered with oiled silk, and the black coat buttoned even to the chin. 'You have been,' said he, 'in our neighbourhood for a week, yet never called to see me;—don't say a word now—but be with me in the evening:—think of Sneyd's 1811!—Before I could reply he set spurs to his little nag, and was out of sight in a moment.

As the evening advanced, I thought seriously of the invitation. I knew not how to act—the pill-box and the

bottle of claret—Sir Harcourt and the doctor—these were the contending parties—these were the opposing points. 'Come,' said I, after a long fit of puzzling meditation, 'let Discretion for once go overboard: a fig for medicine—Sneyd's claret and Sir Harcourt's humour are things not to be had every day—here goes.' I set out, and in a few minutes reached the residence of the baronet; it stands in a beautiful situation at the upper end of the town. There is something heavy, however, in the external appearance of the place; the lofty gates lined with sheet iron, trebly barred and closed at all hours, indicate something like fear or uneasiness in the mind of the man who deems them necessary; with this, however, I had nothing to do—my business was with his claret and his chat, and to both I was speedily admitted. I was shown in, and found Sir Harcourt attended only by his patient secretary, Captain Travers Burke: some dirty MSS. lay upon the table; they were removed as I entered: I apologized for the interruption I had occasioned. 'Be seated, my dear fellow,' said Sir Harcourt. 'These are things that will keep cold—there is nothing in them, however, which we wish to conceal—nothing treasonable. Burke and I were just preparing an article for the next "Antidote."'

'The "Antidote?"' said I; 'why, I thought the "Antidote" had dropped.'

'Oh, no! We drop it and resume it at pleasure. The securities remain untouched at the Stamp Office, and Burke keeps the little place in Suffolk Street open; he sits there occasionally writing acrostics and madrigals—eh! Tom?'—The captain smiled.

'That same "Antidote,"' continued Sir Harcourt, 'owes me nearly two thousand pounds; but I have done wonders with it. Look to your glass—Sir, you're welcome to the Rock—genuine 1811, as I live!'

I admitted that it was indeed excellent.

'Staunton,' said my host, 'promised to call up—he lives here just beside us. I like his "Register," but it is too much devoted to the whims of O'Connell. Daniel is neither a



pope nor a demigod—he has his faults, and it would serve him if they were sometimes pointed out. I have often called and asked my opponents for a lashing, that I might see where my errors lay. Haven't I, Tom?"

"Yes, sir," said the captain.

Sir Harcourt took up the papers, which had been laid aside. "This," said he, "is the outline of an address to those deluded creatures who lately disobeyed my injunction—I mean those silly Orangemen who showed off their Tom-foolery on the 12th of July. Poor idiots! they have not the cunning to be quiet: their enemies will make a fine handle of the business. Old Wellesley is keen enough—he has worked steadily, taking off limb by limb; if not prevented he will soon demolish even the trunk."

"But is not Orangeism all over?" said I.

"No, sir, the spirit of Orangeism will exist as long as we can support Protestant Ascendancy. When that dies, let me die also."

"But of what use is Protestant Ascendancy?"

"It is of infinite use—I mean to those concerned; it forms a bond of union which makes a small party a match for millions—it leaves us snug places and easy sinecures—it gives us the government of Ireland, and may soon give us that of England also. Think you would I be allowed to hold my revenue situation at Waterford, if I were one of those called Liberal Parsons? Oh, no! I know the interest of the Protestants, the true Protestants; they hail me as their leader."

"Their leader! do they?"

"Yes; and I have a much better right to that name than Dan O'Connell. Was it himself that assumed the title, or did some of his cringing lickspittles fasten it on him? Poor Daniel! he has lost ground: Plunkett was laughing at him, and the Jesuits made a cat's paw of him—but I saved the country from them all. The Protestants, sir, have a right to look to me as a leader;—my splendid services—my sterling honesty—my tried intrepidity—and my sacred character as a minister of the Gospel."

"Minister of the Gospel!" thought I. I looked at Sir Harcourt, and struggled with my countenance.

"Well, Sir Harcourt, as a minister of the Gospel, what think you of the evidence given by Dr. Magee?"

"I request you'll not ask me. I read only that part of it which relates to the Athanasian Creed; the archbishop says it cannot be understood by the vulgar, and he proceeds to explain it: but, by all that is beautiful it would require Athanasius himself, with an entire Council of the Fathers, to explain the explanation. Let this go no farther; the doctor is somewhat peevish, and I don't like to make enemies of men who have parishes at their disposal.—Tom, hand me that other bottle."—The captain obeyed him silently.

At this moment a sly-looking fellow in livery entered, and handed to Sir Harcourt a letter, dirtily folded, and crumpled in its appearance.

"Eh! what is this?"

"A letter, sir, that has just been thrust in under the front gate:" the fellow retired.

"The direction," said Sir Harcourt, "is written in blood; odd enough! But let us see:" he read it aloud:—

"Take notice, that, if you don't leave off attacking the church of God and his people, one will be sent, who will serve you as the prophet Samuel served Agag of old.

"Yours, *Hatchetface*."

"This," said he, "is alarming! Oh ye unfortunate, ye misguided papists!! Tom, copy out that."—I saw plainly that some villain was working upon Sir Harcourt's weakness. I knew that the Catholics harboured no malice against him; they think him harmless. I endeavoured to divert him. "Why, Sir Harcourt, this letter, from its scriptural allusion, is more likely to have been sent by the Methodists than by any others."

"The Methodists!"

"Yes; didn't you say once that, if you caught any one of their preachers in your parish, he should be tossed in a blanket?"

"I did say so; but this letter puzzles me. No matter, however, I am a good shot—he who can take down a swallow flying will not die without doing something. Are you fond of shooting?" Before I had time to reply the same servant entered,



and with terror in his looks declared that there was a party at the gate; who at first stood whispering, and then suddenly became loud in their demand for immediate admission. It was quite dark—I thought of the doctor and the pill-box, and longed most anxiously for home.

The knocking at the gate grew louder; we stared at each other. 'Will they give no name?' cried the baronet. 'None! but that they are friends,' answered the man.

'Curse such friends,' groaned Sir Harcourt. 'Tom, seize that blunderbuss, give me the small pistols, and here, my friend, is a weapon for you. (He handed me a dirk.) We will receive them like men. John, unclosethe the gate.'

We heard the heavy gate unclosed—

there was a tumultuous rush across the yard—the hall door was slowly opened. We looked to our commander. 'At them, boys, as they enter,' cried the baronet: the footsteps sounded in the hall—I stood ready with my dirk—the blunderbuss was pointed—when the parlour door was thrown back—and a sight presented itself—Oh, ye Powers!!—the pimply and empurpled nose of my slim friend, Doctor Tighe Gregory. He was followed by Helton, Norton, and Kelly. 'The Address to the Archbishop, Sir Harcourt; you must come with us in the morning to present it.'

'Doctor, let me breathe,' exclaimed the affrighted baronet. 'Tom, put by the arms.'—I shook Sir Harcourt by the hand, and retired.

#### SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. VII.

##### THE CAIRNE.

HAVE you ever been upon the top of *Slieve-duin*, alias Mountain-flat-fist, in the county of Cavan? If not, you have never seen the Cairne, which stands like a rugged pyramid on the eminence which overhangs Loughliagh. It was in the August of 1815 that I sat down upon one of the stones which lie scattered about it, and felt the convenience in more ways than one of being a solitary pedestrian. Ye who wish to consult hoary age about the history of 'other times,' or enjoy the unsophisticated hospitality of the Irish peasant, travel as I have done, alone and on foot, a black-thorn stick in your hand, a coat—neither fine nor coarse—on your back, and very little money in your pocket. Strange as it may appear, the last circumstance is the most necessary of any; for, if you are tempted to pay Paddy for either his generosity or information, you are sure to get neither genuine; while the total absence of reward never fails to elicit truth; and the more you are his debtor the more friendship he has for you. Equipped in my peculiar style, you will, no matter what religion you profess, be instantly taken for 'one of the right sort;' and, as your appearance will invite at once both familiarity and respect, you may rely upon learning the amount of his hopes and fears, his pleasures and his grievances; he

will then describe to you the 'forms of things unknown,' and tell you of those shadowy beings who haunt the lake, the mountain, and the valley; relate the 'fantastic tricks' they play before high heaven—the history of the maidens they have decoyed, and the children they have stolen.

Another advantage of being a solitary pedestrian I experienced on the occasion in question. The operating chymists, who, in these wild districts, extract *potheen* from barley, took me, at first, for a *gauger*, and were no doubt consulting on the best manner of punishing me for my temerity, when, seeing that I had no appearance of a man of authority, they returned to their *spiritual* occupations, and left me to enjoy the sublime prospect which this mountain view afforded.

'God save you, sir,' said an aged Milesian, at once interrupting my meditations, and darkening my view.

'Nay be,' he continued, 'you'll be afther seeing a little brown cow of mine, that strayed away this mornen. Troth, I've been looken for her till I'm as weary as a horse; and, if you please, I'll sit down and rest myself.'

'With all my heart, friend, there are seats enough here.'

'Och, musha, faith and there is,' he returned, sitting down at a short distance from me, 'and a brave apron

full she had of her own, since she only dropt the quarter o' em here.'

'How was that?'

'Why,' he replied, 'the neighbours and all the ould people say this *Cairne*\* was made by a woman, who carried stones in her apron, the one quarter of which she dropt here; another quarter in another place; and so on till she dropt them all. But that's all *beathershin*; for divil a one but the *ganconers* † themselves could carry such rocks as these. But, cross o' Christ about us, what day is this?'

'Friday.'

'Oh, then the "good people" can't hear us, or nay be they'd sarve us as they did *Paddeen-a-noggin*.'

'What way was that?' I inquired.

'Why then I'll be afther telling you, as may be you're a stranger in this country. Paddeen was a man who sould noggins at every fair and market for fifty miles round, and was a *boghha* to boot. But he was a mighty quare fellow any how, so he was, and could drink and tell stories with any man in the seven parishes. One night himself and his ould horse, with a load of noggins, were on their way to the market o' Trim; and, as Paddeen had never any grass of his own, he generally made love to that of his neighbours. So, passing by a nice fine field of clover on the road side, he removed the bushes out of the gap, and drove in his poor *garron*. You may be sure he didn't stop near the ditch, for feard of being heard, but went into the middle of the field, and then, throwing the halter about the *beast's* neck, he stretched himself, as he thought, upon the grass, but where should it be but in a *Rath*? He hadn't lain long there,

sure enough, before the little red-capped gentlemen began to dance about him. They were quite busy supping dew-drops out o' their hands, when Paddeen spoke up: "Here's noggins a piece for you all," and at that they gathered about him.

"How are you, Paddeen-a-noggin?" axed one o' them.

"Very well, I thank you kindly," answered he, "how is yourself, and the family?"

"Oh," says the *ganconer*, "I've no family now; I've lost my wife."

"Oh! blud-an-ounze, you have!" cried Paddeen: "more's the pity; but you can get another, for girls are now as plenty as blackberries."

"Do you say so?" said he. "Nay be you'd be afther telling us where a body could get a purty one?"

"Troth, I can," said Paddeen; "devil a purturer girl from this too herself than Luke Magrath the miller's daughter, Norah."

"Where does he live?" axed the *ganconer*.

"In the county Cavan," said Paddeen, "not a hundred days' walk from this."

"We shall ride," said he; "will you come with us?"

"Troth, I don't much care if I do," answered Paddeen; "but I'd miss the fair to-morrow, and that would be a sore loss."

"Never mind the loss," said the little fellow in the red cap. "Assist me to get Norah, and I'll make you up for ever."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," says Paddy, "and if you make me up, I'm your man;" and with that every one of the *ganconers* pulled a rush,

\* *Cairne*, or, as it is properly written in the Irish language, *Carn*, signifies a priest, an altar, a heap of stones, or a heap of any thing. When it is meant to signify a monument *Cuimhne* is always subjoined though, vulgarly, *Cairne* is now understood to mean a grave; for, when an Irish peasant wants to signify lasting enmity, his expression is, '*Ni curfated me leach au der Cairne*.' 'I would not even throw a stone on your grave;' it being a mark of respect for the passer-by to add a stone to these heaps called *Cairnes*. A disquisition on this custom, which is very generally misunderstood, would here occupy too much space, and I shall therefore only remark that *Cairne* does not always signify a tomb or a monument. In the present instance it evidently does not; for there are stones in this *Cairne*, on Slieve-duin, that never could have been brought thither by human means; and yet, what is very singular, there are no stones of the same kind in the neighbourhood, the mountain being composed of earth and gravel. In the centre of the pile the stones are formed into something like the base of a column, which probably served for an altar in heathen times. Such is the veneration, or rather dread, in which these stones are held, that the peasantry would not remove one, lest they should be visited by some misfortune.

† A name given to the fairies, alias the 'good people,' in the North of Ireland.



and, putting their legs across it, it grew up into a most beautiful fine horse. Paddy did as they bid him, and his rush too became a fine horse. At the word of command, the whole party set off as fast as they could lay legs to ground; and, while you'd be saying "Jack's at home," they were in the miller's bawn. It so happened that there was a great "letting out" at Luke's this night, and half the boys and girls in the parish were at the moment dancing for the bare life in the barn. Paddeen said something that he was bid, and in a minute himself and the ganconers were perched, like roost cocks and hens, on the couple-bock.

"By the Powers," said the little gentleman, "she is a beauty, sure enough; and, if I can only make her sneeze three times, without any one sayen 'God bless her,' she is mine for ever."

'Now Paddeen, you must know, had often ate and drank of the best of the miller's; and, seeing Norah all loveliness, like a May mornen, he relented, and was sorry he had tould the ganconer any thing about her: but it was, he thought, now of no manner of use to be talken about it, particularly as he was trembling like a dog in a wet sack, for feard he should tumble down from the collar-beam and break his neck; so he held his whist, and said nothen.

'When Norah had done dancen she went and sat down by her sweetheart, Charley Smith, as good-looken a young fellow as you'd see at a hurling. Well, Charley, who was a mighty quare garsoon in his own way, put his arm about her neck, and stuck as close as a pocket to her; for you must know he had rivals in the barn, boys who'd be rather kissing Norah themselves than looken at Charley doen it. My little gentleman, I mean the ganconer, who had an eye like a hawk, watched his opportunity, and hopping down like a sparrow, widout

any living sinner seeing him, he put a *traneen* up her nose; at which she gave a sneeze, and nobody said "God bless her," bekase, you see, she did it so genteel, she wasn't heard at all at all. Again he did the same thing, and nobody took notice; but, when he did it a third time, Paddeen could hould out no longer, and so cried, "Sweet bad luck to every mother's soul of you, why don't you say 'God bless her?'" at which the charm was dissolved, Norah was saved, and Paddeen-a-noggin was kicked by the ganconers from the couple-bock down upon the barn-floor. The people cried "Mille murdher!" and Paddy had to walk back to the Rath, where he left his beast.\*

'But poor Norah,' continued my companion, 'didn't fare so well afterwards; for she was confined by the ganconers for three long years in this very Cairne where we are now sitting.'

'How was that?' I inquired.

'O the not o' bit o' myself can tell you any thing about it; only I know this much, (for my grandfather, the Lord be marciful to his poor ould sowl, tould it to me often and often, by the fire, in the long winter's night,) that *Captain Dearg*† or some of his people, carried her away, by some means or other, in spite of all her people could do. Her sweetheart, Charley Smith, travelled high and low, but all to no manner of use. A fairy-woman tould him to threaten to burn the Cairne on them: but it wouldn't do; bekase, you see, Charley, no more than the fox, couldn't set fire to stones. Poor Norah might have staid there until the kingdom come, hadn't it been for one thing: Nell Wilson was the most famous midwife in the whole country, and was called upon to attend both gentle and simple. Well, one night, just as she was stripping herself goen to bed, after sayen her *pater-and-avi*, there came a thunderin knock to the door.

\* Mr. Crofton Croker has given a different version of this legend. In Ulster, however, it is universally related as it is given here. The difference, though trifling, is yet sufficient to show how many modifications of one tradition may exist, even in the same country. The moral it enforces points out its oriental origin, where 'God bless us,' was, I believe, a common expression after sneezing. In the 'Talmud' will be found a singular story respecting the cause.

† The red captain. Perhaps it should be Captain *Bearg*, that is, 'a champion, or a warrauder.' *Dearganach* (red-coat) is the name given by the Irish to an English soldier.



"Who's there?" axed Nell. "O make haste," says the person outside, "my wife is in the straw, and is very bad entirely; so make haste, like an honest woman." Nell made no more ado, but, putting on her duds as fast as possible, she ran to the stepping-stone, and jumped on the pillion behind the stranger. "Away, now," said she; and away they went, sure enough, for the not a much grass grew under their horse's feet, I can tell you that, until they came to a great grand house, like any gentleman's.—Nell wasn't long about her business. The lady was safely delivered of a thumping boy, and she was well rewarded for her trouble: she got the very best of every thing in the house, and was handed a nice suit of clothes to put on the child; but first she got a bottle of some kind of oil to rub over its skin. While doing this, her eye itched her; and, putting up her finger to scratch it, the oil touched the sight, and faith took the *kippeens* off of it: for, instead of seeing a beautiful palace, she beheld nothen but caves and holes, filled with ganconers, among whom were several of her ould neighbours, and, among others, poor Luke Magrath's daughter. She said nothen, but, watching her opportunity, came up to Norah. "How are you, *achgrah*?" says she. "Oh, very well," says t'other, "if I could get out o' this place. Nurse, jewel, for God's sake, tell Charley Smith, if ever he loved me, to come on All-holland† Eve, and take me from the ganconers. Hush! some one is comen. *Cauthe-a-raace*, the fairy-woman, will tell him what to do."

"Nell, when the business was done, was tould to get up on the horse that brought her, but she could see nothen but a ganconer astride a bulrush.—She mounted, however, and was soon left at her own door. You may be sure she slept little that night; and, when the mornen awoke, she set off to find Charley Smith. Charley had just gone to the fair, and she went after him. When she came to the place where the standings are kept, she saw ten thousand little ganconers filling their red caps with cakes, apples, and every thing else that was selling in the fair: she wondered to see the people take

no notice of them, forgetting that they were not to be seen. Going up to one o' them, whom she knew from the night before, she says, "How do you do?"

"Very well, and thanky," said he.

"How is the mother and the child?" says she.

"Very well, and thanky," says he; "but how do you happen to know me?"

"Since I delivered the lady last night," says she.

"Oh, ay," says he: "but how do you see me?"

"With my eye," says she.

"Which eye?" says he.

"My left eye," says she.

"Puff, puff, puff," says he, blowing into her eye, and she saw him no more; kase why, she remained blind of one eye, God bless us, from that day till the hour of her death.

She saw Charley, however, and tould him all, just as I've tould you; and, as he was an honest sowl, though an odd kind of fellow, he set off to *Cauthe-a-raace*.

"Charley," says the fairy-woman, "your mistress will be riding on All-holland Eve, with a thousand others. You will know her by her white dress, and a glove on the right hand."

"And what shall I do?" axed Charley.

"Listen, and you shall hear. Get a bag of sand, and a bottle of holy water, and proceed to any cross roads between the Cairne and Temorah, where you must make a circle about you; and, when Norah comes near, seize her hand and pull her into the ring. But, above all, hold her fast, and don't let yourself be pulled out of the circle."

Charley did as he was desired; and, while every other body was eating their *callcanon*,† and ducken for apples, poor Charley was getting ready. About nine o'clock a horseman galloped passed, crying "Away, away! I am Captain Dearg, and you'll be ridden over by my men if you don't leave the road." At this Charley's hair stood up like sally twigs; but, having a brave heart, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and prepared to meet the worst. By-and-by the troops came up, and passed

\* All-hallow.

† Kalecanon.

him in thousands: he thought the road would never be empty, it was so thronged; but his heart leaped up into his mouth when he saw Norah coming up the road, dressed all in white. As she drew near the circle she stretched out her hand, and Charley seized it.

"Let her go," said a red fellow.

"I won't," said Charley.

"You must," said the other.

"I must not," said Charley; and so they kept pulling poor Norah between them across the circle, until the cock crew; when at the instant the gan-

coners flung her into the circle, more dead than alive: and, to make a long story short, she died the very next day but one, and poor Charley left the country.

'But,' continued my companion, 'sitting here won't get my cow, though I shouldn't wonder if she went where Shemus-a-sneidh's went.'

'Where was that?'

'Well then, I'll tell that too; and may be, agen I'm done, the cow might find her way home. "Once on a time"—but the narrative is too long for this chapter.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.—NO. VI.

*A Captive.—A Rescue.—A Rebel Depot.*

THE same advice has very different effects when given by different people. Had Emmet endeavoured to persuade me from engaging in his wild scheme, I should have had no hesitation in complying with his counsel; but, when Malachy recommended me to have nothing to do with insurrections, I spurned his advice, because I thought it given from a sinister motive; for some recent events had sunk my cousin considerably in my estimation. He affected, however, his usual kindness; and, an evening or two after, it being a holiday, inquired if I would not wish to witness a convivial meeting of the peasantry at one of their shibbeens. I replied in the affirmative; and, accordingly, we set off together. The night had closed around us as we entered a rude cabin situated on the mountain-side. The wig-wam consisted of a single apartment, which was filled with boisterous mountaineers, with their wives and children, drinking beer out of a variety of vessels; such as wooden noggins, earthen pitchers, &c.; and one humorous-looking fellow now and then raised to his head a metal skillet, which contained what he called 'mountain dew.' This promiscuous company arose at our entrance, and a hundred vessels were extended towards Malachy, every one requesting the honour of drinking with him. With the address of a man accustomed to such a scene, he took one cup, and, having touched all their measures, he bowed,

and raised it to his head; after which the piper in the corner struck up an Irish air, which I understood was in praise of my uncle's ancestors.

The best seat in the house was appropriated to our use, and our 'mountain dew' was brought us in a clean white jug. I have seldom looked—let the moralist and divine say what they may—upon a more interesting scene than the happy group presented. The cheerful sons of toil, unbending themselves over a wholesome and nutritious beverage, which was shared with those who made labour light and home delightful; the 'loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind,' showed the absence of intrusive care; while the ready song, and homely anecdote, evinced an unanimous desire of contributing to the general fund of pleasure. Our peasantry want that buoyancy of spirit, drollery, and piquant humour of the Irish, to give character to such a scene. Beside, they are deficient in those social habits which so frequently bring together the thoughtless sons of the Emerald Isle, who know no selfish happiness, being, on all joyous occasions, found congregated together.

Having laughed for an hour at the fun and humour of the assembly before us, I proposed to Malachy to retire; but he looked carefully at his watch, and said it was yet time enough. Soon after he went out, and, in less than three minutes, the house was surrounded by an armed

band of yeomanry. A friendly hand pulled me into the chimney-corner, from which I could, with the utmost security, observe all that passed. The women and children screamed vehemently, but the men seemed but little alarmed; and, as if accustomed to such events, proceeded, with as much deliberation as circumstances would admit, to arm themselves with forms, pots, pitchers, and every other moveable article in the house. In an instant a party of the yeomen rushed in, with fixed bayonets, and were received with a discharge of stools and other missiles. The confusion soon became general, and a desperate engagement took place; the peasants systematically supported each other, and soon proved superior to their assailants. The yeomen were overpowered; and every individual, except my unknown preserver and myself, escaped. 'Your name, sir?' demanded one of the party, coming up to me, and dragging me out of the corner. 'K——,' I replied. 'You are the man we want,' he rejoined, calling in the sergeant, who immediately made me his prisoner. My unknown friend was also taken into custody; and, though we frequently demanded the cause of our detention, we received no reply but the very unsatisfactory one, that we should know time enough. A cord was now produced, and the left hand of my fellow-prisoner was tied to my right; and, in that situation, we were marched off in the midst of the party, who signified their triumph by a loud 'Huzza!' In vain I protested against such unworthy treatment; and, when I threatened to bring the matter before a tribunal of the country, I was answered only by a sneer. Perceiving that all remonstrance was useless, I complied with the advice of my companion, and continued silent for the remainder of the journey.

As we proceeded I had leisure to reflect upon my situation; but neither knowing the charge against me, nor the place to which I was going, all conjectures respecting the issue of the affair were unsatisfactory. Once, and but once, it crossed my mind that Malachy's conduct appeared strange; and it was barely possible that he might have been the cause of my

apprehension; a supposition which his going out so critically seemed to strengthen. But that might have been merely accidental; and, as I knew of no possible good which he could derive from my distress, I dismissed the unworthy suspicion from my mind, and attributed the whole to some unfortunate mistake.

Having continued in a smart walk for about half an hour, we entered a large gateway, and were proceeding along an avenue shaded with lofty trees, when a tremendous yell, as if from a horde of North-American savages, assailed our ears. 'It is Dwyre!' exclaimed the party almost simultaneously; and, as if panic-struck, betook themselves to flight. 'I knew that,' said my companion, quite coolly; but, before I could inquire his meaning, I was seized by a dozen mountaineers, and borne on their shoulders to the top of a neighbouring mountain. In a moment I was surrounded by a hundred of the fierce peasantry; and a person, apparently of consequence, pushed through the dense circle of my deliverers, and seized my hand: it was Malachy. At such a moment the presence of a friend was most grateful; and, though I could not approve of the unadvised conduct of those around me, yet, as the action must have sprung from some mistaken sympathy, I could not withhold my gratitude. Malachy's embrace I warmly returned; and, without entering into any explanation, we proceeded across the hills.

A full moon shed its 'silvery light' upon our path, and gave a picturesque and beautiful appearance to the objects around; while the falling of waters, and the distant bay of the mastiff, served to disturb the otherwise monotonous stillness of the night. The mountain breeze, with its refreshing influence, stimulated our progress; and, after a most romantic walk of somewhat less than an hour, the whole party arrived at the shibbeen from which they had been so recently ejected. A parting cup was drank here, after which the gay and thoughtless peasantry proceeded to their respective homes. For a considerable time we could hear, from opposite directions, the



plaintive notes of their native hills, as they caroled to themselves on their solitary homeward paths.

'You are surprised,' said Malachy, when he had arrived at the castle, 'at the occurrences of this night; but the course I have pursued was the only one left me. Seeing the shibbeen surrounded by the yeomen, I knew it would be perfectly useless for me to interfere; and accordingly I remained at a distance, to wait the result. Finding that you were made prisoner, I commenced rallying the peasantry; and, when sufficient force had been collected, I went in pursuit of the party who detained you.'

'But who were they?' I asked.

'Yeomen,' he replied; 'and no doubt came in pursuit of an outlaw named Dwyre?'

'Was he in the house?'

'No; but several of his bandit companions were.'

'I am sorry for it,' I returned. 'The sergeant knew my name, and being found in such company must increase any suspicions that may exist against me.'

'True,' said Malachy, 'that did not strike me before; but you can easily avoid the consequence by going to Dublin, if not to England, for a short time.'

'Conscience makes cowards of us all!' I had as yet sinned only in thought, but even that deterred me from acting openly. I took Malachy's advice, and next morning proceeded to Dublin. I did not meet my friend Emmet until about eight o'clock in the evening; at that hour he was on his way to one of his depots. I accompanied him.

In a back house, recommended by its secluded and uninviting situation, were about a dozen men at work; some busy making cartridges, while others were casting bullets; some fabricating rockets, and others making pikes. The heaps of muskets, and other warlike weapons, scattered around, served to inspire a feeling of awe in the gloomy mansion of incipient treason, singularly contrasted with the thoughtless levity depicted upon the half-intoxicated countenances of those engaged in preparing the instruments of death.

My friend, on seeing all safe, could

not conceal his satisfaction; and, having distributed some money amongst the men, he dismissed them. As they withdrew he bolted the door; and, throwing himself upon a rude seat, seemed lost in the intensity of his feelings. I was not less serious; for the workmen, the arms, and the gloom of the place, had deeply affected my spirits, and brought upon my mind a desponding impression, not unmingled with sensations of fear.

'My friend,' said Emmet, after a silence of several minutes, 'how ungrateful are mankind! how thoughtless are nations! The philosopher is neglected, and the patriot unhonoured; yet, without knowledge and liberty, how valueless all the possessions of man! How little do those who profit by wisdom, or glory in the possession of freedom, know of the student's privations or the conspirator's danger! and, without study and treason, how few could be either wise or free? Nations exult in the enjoyment of their rights, but too often forget those to whom they are indebted for the blessing. Englishmen continually boast of their liberty, yet to how many Britons are the names of Sydney and Hamden as vague as those of Gallitzin and William Tell! The sound is familiar, but it scarcely raises a single association.'

'The hope of applause,' I replied, 'though it may stimulate our exertions, should never be allowed to direct our actions; and he that is honoured by the discerning may readily dispense with the plaudits of the vulgar.'

'True,' he returned; 'but those who benefit mankind may at least expect gratitude; and, if the danger encountered by the patriot may be allowed to enhance the debt, I know of none who has so large a demand as the conspirator, whose object is universal good. After once he imparts his schemes to others, he lives in continual apprehension; every stranger is an object of suspicion; every incident is pregnant with danger. The mistakes of his friends may ruin him, and a concealed enemy may lurk amongst his associates; for, as his designs require numerous abettors, it is very difficult to select many men without including some traitor; and one informer is

sufficient to blast all his hopes—as a single spark will cause the explosion of the largest powder magazine. I have latterly felt so acutely the uncertainty of my situation, that I am determined to hasten the event of our plan; for any conclusion would be preferable to protracted suspense.’

‘I know not,’ I returned, ‘whether it is desirable to persist in your scheme; for the reasoning of our friend, the Exile, never appeared to me so rational as since I entered this depot of rebellion. A thousand thoughts start up in my mind, which I can neither allay nor satisfactorily account for. These scattered instruments of destruction proclaim that, in the event of an insurrection, numbers must die; but how many are to taste the bitterness of death defies human calculation. Ourselves, too, may be among the fallen; and, what is more, our cause may be unsuccessful.’

‘All these, interrupted Emmet, ‘depend upon events and circumstances, about which we can know nothing positive; ’tis for us only to ascertain the probability of success, and to persevere in the course which honour and duty point out. Enough for us to know that Ireland requires the standard of revolt to be raised by some one; and that neither defeat nor triumph can add to or diminish our consciousness of rectitude. Impediments may crowd the long perspective before us; but beyond these are glory, honours, and immortality—rewards for obtaining which no sacrifice is too great—no enterprise too dangerous.

‘Let not,’ he continued, ‘my apprehensions, too carelessly expressed, damp the ardour of your soul; for the reasons which first induced you to embark in this best of causes are the same now as then, whatever arguments you may have heard to the contrary. We are young and unencumbered; defeat can neither distress our friends nor ruin ourselves; for what have to lose but life? and life is held by so uncertain a tenure, that a thousand daily accidents may deprive us of it; and that too so suddenly and so soon as to leave our memory without an accompanying deed to keep it afloat on the stream of time. Admitting for an instant that we shall

(which Heaven forbid!) be unsuccessful, think not that our endeavours will be forgotten, or that our country will cease to remember us. No, my friend, the tyrant laws may condemn us, and tyrant authority asperse and vilify our characters; but rely on it that Irishmen shall reverence the names of K——n and *Emmet* while patriotism has admirers, or Ireland a friend. Our country has never been ungrateful; and so few have been her benefactors, that she is prodigal of thanks for even dubious favours. Of us she can have but one opinion; for ingenious enmity cannot attribute any but laudable motives to our designs. For Ireland I will spend my private fortune; and for Ireland I shall, please God, venture my life. Kosciusko is a name as beloved in Poland as that of Washington in America.

‘But reverse this gloomy picture, and look—as humanity should ever look—upon the bright side of things; for defeat does not always terminate daring enterprises. Reflect upon the consequences of success; our enemies vanquished, our arms triumphant, and Ireland free! Our names associated with the liberators of nations, and ourselves overwhelmed with the grateful benedictions of an emancipated people! Our youth will increase the general wonder; and the means by which we shall achieve such illustrious actions will augment the pleasing amazement. Add to this the exalted stations we shall occupy, and the joyful approbation of our own bosoms; and tell me, is not our present situation, taking all things into account, one that might well be envied? Defeat cannot deprive us of honour, nor death of glory; while success, if obtained, has in store for us all those rewards which ever graced the most fortunate of mankind.

“Opportunities for great actions,” says the moralist, “occur but seldom;” and surely he ill deserves honour who lets the opportunity pass when it presents itself. Glory has found us, and let us embrace her; the tide of our affairs is at the flood, and let us embark upon the waves of fortune: we are well attended, and Heaven seems propitious. A thousand years may pass, and a more favourable moment may not again occur.

‘What! still thoughtful? Oh, I see Miss J—— has whispered something into your ear which has operated unfavourably upon your mind. Well, I can excuse you; for a being of such perfect loveliness might well disturb a hermit’s prayer, though I will not allow her to divert a patriot’s purpose.’

‘Then,’ said I, you will not pardon love in a conspirator?’

‘I can not only pardon it,’ he replied, ‘but sincerely wish that the tender passion may be always blended with the *amor patriæ*; for he that anticipates the commendation of a beloved mistress can never act dishonourably. My friend,’ he continued, rising, and taking me by the hand, ‘I, too, have one, whose praise I wish to merit, and whose exaltation, next to my country, is the first wish of my heart. She is kind, she is lovely, and Heaven only knows how good!’—

‘And yet,’ I interrupted, ‘you would fling away this jewel, without having the untutored Indian’s apology, for you know its value.’

‘I know its value,’ he rejoined; ‘and, because I know it, I wish to place it where its worth may be appreciated. The stagnant vale of inglorious ease is for those domestic enamoured souls who are content to pass a life of inactive worthlessness, and who wish to enjoy affection without having merited love. Mine is a higher ambition: I must make myself worthy of the woman of my choice; and the glory which sheds its lustre on the husband shall reflect its splendour on the wife. Heaven forbid that an excuseable passion should thwart the great design of my life, or cause me, for an instant, to neglect my country’s good, for the purpose of promoting my own personal advantage. What earthly possession could equal the glory of having freed Ireland from foreign domination? and, though failure might partially obstruct its rays, we never can be deprived of the consciousness of having deserved it.’

I was unable to make any opposition to his arguments, and soon after we left the depot. GODFREY K—N.

#### LOCH ANA PEISTHA.

UPON a dark lake’s margin I have stood,  
 Whose gloomy waters wash a narrow shore;  
 And high above that ever-murmuring flood  
 Black mountains rise, around whose heads the hoar  
 Of wintry vapours hang;—and hoarse and rude  
 The storms outrageous through the deep glens roar:  
 From the dark mirror darker forms are given—  
 The blasted pine that clings to masses rough and riven.  
 The red-brown heath—the stunted oak, with root  
 Bare as the bare rock, whence for ages past  
 It draws not substance for a single shoot,  
 Yet, stubborn still, defies the stubborn blast;  
 As two dark champions furious in dispute  
 Rush on with mutual blows, till one at last,  
 Subdued, not vanquished—stricken, not dismayed—  
 Yieldeth not up the fight till Death him low have laid.  
 If ye look upward to that mountain height,  
 Ye’ll see the red stream from the cleft rock pouring—  
 The wild goat bounding, and the dizzy flight  
 Of the brown eaglet o’er the summit soaring—  
 Ye’ll see—ye’ll see—a most soul-stirring sight—  
 Ye’ll hear the voices of the wild waves roaring—  
 Hear the lone raven speaking from the skies,  
 And mark the surly grouse loud challenge as he flies!  
 Some love a sweet Spring day, when the young blades  
 Of all the tender herbs and grasses shoot



Their fibrous fingers forth to paint the glades,  
 And vales, and meads, as from each grappling root  
 The aspiring juice ascends, and leafy shades  
 Spread their green veils, where many a mellow flute  
 Full many a shepherd tunes for lovely ears,  
 And Nature loud exults, and spurns her wintry tears.  
 Her children all perceive proud Summer nigh,  
 For joy exchanging recent grief and fear ;  
 And each full blossom lifts its head on high,  
 Gently inviting some sweet songster there,  
 Should 'little Bob' his endless ditties try,  
 Or the brown thristle greet the rising year,  
 Revelling in music with his liquid notes  
 From the green tasseled larch, on which he early dotes.  
 Some love the year ere blustering storms have fled  
 (While buds and leaves still in their chambers keep)—  
 'The golden crocus bursting from its bed,  
 First, hardiest, riser from its wintry sleep—  
 The green-edged snowdrop with its pendant head,  
 Which for some long lost cause doth yearly weep ;  
 And, as you pass its cold lorn dwelling by,  
 Yearly exacts the simple tribute of a sigh.  
 You sigh to see a thing so fair and bright  
 All unprotected from the world's rude blast,  
 Which smites its beauties ; (as the savage kite  
 Rends the young linnet from the nest just past)  
 A tender object 'waked from a long night  
 Of darkness and of storm, and roughly cast,  
 Like some lone bark upon the blackening rage  
 Of the unrelenting sea, when winds and waves engage.  
 And some to Summer—some to Autumn—yield  
 That envied crown, which each in turn should win ;  
 'Behold !' they say, 'the lilies of the field—  
 Behold ! they toil not, neither do they spin ;  
 No structures proud their bright, though frail, forms shield,  
 No ermined robes—golden, silk-fluttering ;  
 Yet they shine out their narrow span—bright days !  
 Ay ! Solomon was not arrayed like one of these !'  
 But I of each the beauties can partake,  
 And haunt the vale, the mountain, or the cave ;  
 But most of all I honour thee, dark lake !\*  
 And view with wonder thy mysterious wave :  
 Below—the unfathomed dwelling of the snake ;†  
 Above—the grove, M'Thuile's ‡ peaceful grave ;  
 Deep in the vale sleeps Superstition's soul,  
 And sadness shades each part, and gloom inwraps the whole !

R.

\* Glen-da-loch, 'a most gloomy romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.'

† Old stories tell how, when St. Kevin commenced founding his monastery at Glendaloch, an enormous serpent issued each night from his watery abode, and destroyed what the saint had built during the day, till at last, by the efficacy of his prayers, the reptile was seized and strangled by Lúpar the wolf-dog, whose image in the embraces of the 'Fish' is still to be seen depicted in very rude, but curious, relief on the cornice of a ruined arch.

‡ Half way up the southern mountain lies the grave of M'Thuile, or O'Toole, an Irish king and hero. His tomb, on which some Irish character is still legible, is beautifully overshadowed by alders and weeping birch—a most secluded and solitary spot.

## CROSSING THE LINE.

*By the Author of 'Greenwich Hospital.'*

'Pon deck, there!' roared the look-out from the topsail-yard—(it was about five bells in the morning watch)—'Pon deck, there!' 'Halloo!' responded the second lieutenant, advancing along the gangway from the quarter-deck. 'Halloo! I can see the equinutshell, sir, a point and a quarter upon the weather bow; we shall crack it in about an hour.' 'The equinoctial, eh? very well, my lad, look sharp out ahead for squalls; and try if you can discover any thing of old Neptune—we're close upon his latitude. I dare say we shall see something of him presently.' 'Ay, ay, sir! Nep-chin and I are old croneys; I knows him by the cut of his jib.' 'Boatswain's mate!' cried the officer, 'sling a grating under the bows, and send up one of the carpenter's crew with his broad axe to stand by and cut away the line.' 'Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay! Here, forecastle-men, rig out a stage for Jemmy Chopstick! Jump out, there, clap a tail-block round the spritsail-yard, reeve the topsail halliards through it, and pass the end on board. Come, bear a hand, my lads! here's old Jemmy up and rigged like a sentry-box—we shall run foul of the line, and bring up, all standing, directly.' While this was passing, the forecastle-men were slinging one of the fore-hatch gratings; and the poor old carpenter's mate, who (though he had been at sea from a child) had never crossed the equator, stood looking on with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger—first feeling the edge of his tool, and then requesting them to be sure and not make slip bends. 'Is your axe sharp, Jemmy?' inquired the boatswain's mate; 'for you'll have taut work of it.' 'Eh! ye dinnae say so; I have nae great liking to the job from a naatural antepathy I always had to sweenging 'twixt heaven and yearth; and; although there be no yearth here, but the main sea ocean, yet that's waurse, mon, that's waurse; for, if ye chaunce to tumble on the first, ye cannae faw ayont, but in the great waters. Eh, mon, I foresight that 'tis a fearfu'

undertaking. You could nae get a body to do it for me, coad ye? I woad no mind the share of a gill o' grog when they pipe to dinner.' 'Gill of grog, Jemmy!' replied the boatswain's mate; 'why, I wouldn't undertake it for a gallon of rum; but come, old chopstick, sling your axe, and pass this running bow-line knot round your body, under your arms—we'll try and save you. Why, man, you've no more corporation than an ear-wig; the fishes will take you for a conger if you fall overboard: surely you've got the finicking gout; why your legs and arms are swelled as thick as tobacco-pipes.' 'Ha' done wi' your faashery, do, Tom; we needs must when the deil drives: but are ye sure the rope's fast, mon?' 'Put it round your neck, Jemmy, and try. Come, look smart, my boy, look smart. All ready forward, sir.' 'Very well,' replied the officer, and then, casting his eyes aloft—'Topsail-yard, there!' 'Sir?' 'Do you see the line now?' 'Yes, sir; it is close aboard of us, on the starboard bow.' 'Is it? then no time's to be lost; jump over, there, my man, and stand by to cut away.' Out went Jemmy, full of fear and trembling, the end of the topsail halliards passed round his body, and his axe slung by a smaller rope. Descending to the grating which just hung suspended above the edge of the water, there he stood, with his instrument erect, shivering and shaking like the jib sheet in the wind's eye, and his face as grim as a last-year's almanack—a fine model for a figure-head of the 'Terrible.' 'Quarter-master, hand my glass forward,' cried the lieutenant. He took it, and, looking through it to windward for a minute or two, exclaimed, 'Send all the green-horns below directly; here's a Triton coming alongside—he'll not be best pleased to see any of them upon deck.' 'Away, there below, you green-horns!' bellowed the boatswain's mate, driving them down the fore hatchway. 'By the Lord Harry he'll twist some of your necks into grannies' knots if he catches you! Jump down, there, you Murphy, and

don't chock up the gangway; bad luck to you, I would'nt give two two's for your ears.' 'Och! the botheration may care for your sea-gods! give me a barrel of potsheen, and faith I'd face all the *dry tons* in the world.' At this moment an indistinct roaring like thunder was heard at a distance, and then all was hushed in profound stillness. Again it came apparently rolling towards the ship, yet nothing could be clearly distinguished, nor did the sounds convey any idea as to what it was, or from whence it came. At last the words 'Ho, the ship ahoy!' were made out; but broken and unconnected, as if too far off to be answered. Again it sunk into a rumbling noise, more confused than before. 'We're foul of the equinoctial!' cried the lieutenant; 'cut away there, forward, cut away for your life! Well behaved, my boy! cut away, or we shall be hove all aback, and have the ship overboard.' Away chopped Jemmy with all his might and main, making a dreadful uproar, and splashing the water about him on all sides, like a shoal of porpoises at play. 'Hurrah, Jemmy!' cried the boatswain's mate; 'nobly done, my boy! we shall soon be past all safety—lather away, my Briton!' 'Eh, mon! dinnae ye see that I'm warking with aw my soul? but there's naithing comes under the axe to cut.' 'Never mind, Jemmy, you'll feel it presently.' Away cut Jemmy again; but somehow or other the stage-ropes gave way, and overboard went the unfortunate bousewater, striking out, and blowing like a bull-whale in his flurry. Up they run him about half way to the spritsail-yard, and there he swung round like a dying dolphin, screaming 'Murder! murder! murder!' Down he went again, to quiet him; and, after a few struggles and plunges, up they whipt him once more chock-a-block. Jemmy caught hold of the foot-rope, and got astride the yard, and there he sat pouring forth his doleful lamentations, and dripping like a wet swab. 'Ho, the ship ahoy!' was now heard more distinct. 'Halloo!' responded the officer of the watch. 'From whence came you?' inquired the voice. 'From Freeman's Quay.'— 'Where are you bound to?' 'A

man-of-war's cruise.' 'Heave-to, till I come on board.' 'Ay, ay! After-guard, aft to the braces; let go the maintop-bowline; square away the main yard.' 'Here they come again, Jemmy,' said the boatswain's mate; 'for I'd lay my life it was some of these Tritons that played you the trick; but there, shipmate, mayhap you'd like to see 'em.' 'Not for the world!—not for the world!' replied Jemmy, crawling in upon the bowsprit, and hurrying down below. 'Nae, Tom, I'd sooner face auld Clootie.' In a few minutes afterward Triton, mounted on a fine sea-horse, richly caparisoned with sea-weed, came over the bows, and rode aft on the quarter-deck to the officer of the watch, who stood ready to receive him, with his hat off, and the emblem of his authority, a brass speaking-trumpet, in his right hand. As soon as mutual salutations were over, Triton inquired 'What ship is this?' 'The Bedford.' 'Who commands her?' 'Captain W——.' 'Neptune, from time immemorial, the sovereign of these dominions, has commanded me to declare his intention of visiting the ship at two bells in the forenoon watch, for the purpose of examining those who for the first time cross the threshold of his palace, that they may undergo the usual ceremonies practised upon the occasion; and, that no man may think to secrete himself, I here present you with a list of names, declaring that one and all must appear before their great and general father, to do him suit and service.' The lieutenant bowed; and, having received the paper, Triton once more returned to his watery element, the watch on deck giving him a single cheer as he dropped from the head-rails over the bows. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of his aquatic godship. A spare topsail was extended athwart ship, to screen the forecastle from observation; the jolly-boat was hoisted on board at the lee gangway, and filled with water; and all hands, who had crossed the line before, were busily employed in getting ready to salute their common parent. Two bells arrived; and, scarcely had the sound ceased to vibrate, when the usual hail—'Ho,



the ship ahoy!' resounded alongside. The captain took his station on the quarter-deck, surrounded by the officers; the band were ranged along the break of the poop; the men crowded along the gangway, and filled the booms; while the first lieutenant answered the hail, and invited Neptune to come on board. Then was heard a noise like thunder, intermingled with the dashing of waters, and the sounding of sea-shells. In about ten minutes more the screen was briced up, the cavalcade were put in motion, and the band struck up. First came the chief constable, with two assistants, to clear the way; then followed, in a gorgeously painted car resembling a shell, drawn by eight sea-horses, Neptune and Amphitrite, sitting side by side, with their son at their feet. Neptune, a fine venerable-looking figure, with his white beard flowing down his bare breast, grasped his glittering trident, while a bright crown surmounted his hoary brow. Amphitrite, a neat and good-looking goddess, handsomely arrayed, but who sadly wanted shaving, smiled upon all around her with the most affable condescension. The coachman, a sturdy old blade, smacked his whip, and drove on. Behind the car came those terrific beings, the barber and his mates, six in number, each carrying an immense razor, about four feet long, with teeth like a saw; two others bore straps, and buckets with the lather. Then came the clerk and judge-advocate, with the list of novices, preceded by the high-sheriff; and, lastly, his satanic majesty closed the procession: the whole was surrounded by Tritons and sea-nymphs; while Neptune's bottle-holder, with a well-replenished flask, kept close to his master's elbow, and occasionally supplied him with nectar. Arrived upon the quarter-deck, Neptune alighted from his car, and explained the nature of his visit; then, gallantly taking Amphitrite by the hand, he presented her to the captain; but the goddess, struck with the gay dress of the officer, and feeling a degree of awe in his presence, actually threw out her leg behind, and, putting her hand to her cap, made a low and reverential bow. This ceremony concluded, the whole party proceeded to

the jolly-boat, and prepared for operations. In the mean time the green-horns were driven below. Proper accommodations had been made for the sitting of the court. The loftiest place was assigned to the sovereigns of the ocean, and at their back stood the bottle-holder. Immediately below them Davy Jones took his station, with the judge-advocate on his right, and the high-sheriff on his left, according to precedent. Before them stood the clerk with the list, while the barber and his mates entered their shop (the boat), and rubbed up their instruments. 'Call Jemmy Chopsticks,' cried the clerk. In a few minutes Jemmy made his appearance blindfolded between two constables, and was placed at the bar. 'What countryman are you?' Jemmy was silent. The question was repeated—'Tell them you're are an Italian,' whispered the constable. 'Awm an Etalion,' said Jemmy. 'What part of Italy do you come from?' 'I dinnae just noow recollect.' 'An Italian, eh?' replied old Davey. 'Gemmen of this here court, the lubber before you arn't half so much of an Italian as I am, seeing as how I know him well: why, gemmen, his very tongue betrays him; but the truth on't is, that this very old wood-spoiler was born in Glasgow, where his mother kept a whisky shop, and his father was transported for stealing a pair of breecks;—nay, gemmen, this man himself was compelled to quit his native place, after being twice set in the stocks, for knocking down little children, and running away with their bread and butter.' 'Ma conscience!' bawled Jemmy, 'ye lee! you blatheered-face monkey, ye lee! But what's to be expected from a carl like yoursel', who is the very feyther of leears?' 'Hush!' whispered the constable, 'you mustn't speak irreverently in court.' 'Nae matter, I'll tell truth, and shame the deil, at any rate. My auld mither was an honest sonsy bodie, a descendant of the Camerons; and my puir feyther carried a pack round the coountry as a marchant, but what became of them I dinnae ken, for, like a graceless loon, I ran away.' 'Ay, ay, we know all that; and you set up for a carpenter, because somebody hove a

chisel at you. A rank impostor, gemmen—put him to the torture.' In vain Jemmy implored, abused, or complained; he was placed on the loose thwart in the boat, nearly up to his middle in water, and an immense wet swab hung round his neck for a towel. 'What is your name?' said the barber. 'Jam——' But, ere he had time to finish the word, the shaving-brush, well charged with lather, was thrust into his mouth, and nearly suffocated him. His face then underwent the same operation, and the razor was used to scrape it off. When the barber had finished, the bandage round the eyes was loosed, the seat knocked away, and poor Jemmy floundered at full length, half dead with fright. He made a shift, however, to scramble out of the boat, and, shaking his fist at Davy Jones, uttered, in the most desperate rage—'You're a leear—you're the feyther of lees, you fause loon!' But the buckets of water came flowing upon him so rapidly, that Jemmy was glad to make his retreat, muttering all the way, 'It's a lee, it's a lee!' Many others were successively called up, but nothing particular was elicited from their examination, worthy of being repeated, till the clerk shouted in a terrible voice—'Send Peter Legings, the marine, up.' 'So, Peter, you're a Liverpool man?' said the sooty monarch. 'Yes, your reverence,' replied Peter. 'And what brought you here? come, speak the truth.' 'I was born a gentleman, but unfortunately got pressed from a privateer upon the coast of

Africa; and then, desirous of acquiring glory in the service of my country, I entered for a marine.' 'Do you hear him, gemmen? Now I'll just give you a bit of Peter's history. This innocent-looking gentleman, this picture of Mars, was born in a garret at Wapping. His father was an old Jew clothesman, and his mother was a cinder-sifter; so, d'ye see, they brought up young hopeful to the honourable profession of a dustman.' 'Indeed, your holiness is mistaken.' 'Come, sir, no quibblications here; remember you're under the strong arm of the law, as my friends the lawyers have it. Don't you owe a long score for small beer and bacca at the chandler's shop upon Point Beach? Wasn't you once a Methodist parson, and preached on a tub? There, gemmen, he can't deny it.' 'I own,' replied Peter, 'that I've a small account for rum at the Rodney's Head at Sallyport; and that I once had hopes of preferment in the church.' 'In the steeple, you mean, for a weather-cock; but have you forgotten the time you kept a huckster's shop, and sold pickled sprats for anchovies, and chopped yarns for the best pound pigtail? A worthy subject, gemmen; one to my heart's delight! Why, gemmen, as I'm a sinner, he run away, and left three children chargeable to the parish, all which I got blamed for. Hand him over to the barber.' Thus the sport continued for several hours, till all the newcomers had undergone the operation, and the day was closed in jollity and grog.

#### CATHOLIC ORATORS.

MR. EDITOR—Although, in an article of your last number, (the substance and tone of which are highly creditable,\*) you have announced the 'New Catholic Association,' and given its Report, I do not conceive myself thence released from my implied promise of noticing its birth.

You have chosen the spirit—be it mine to seize the forms: and, though less important in the abstract, the material part of nature, while combined with the immaterial, will always pos-

sess considerable power to interest the human mind.

The New Association has put itself forth. Like the offspring of the phoenix, it is arising from the ashes of the dead. It is well, if in the interval between the dissolution of the one and the springing up of the other, false winds have not scattered some of the particles which contributed to the parent's bulk, and if its fated degeneration be not increased by causes less necessitous than that which has

\* You are right in disavowing all partyism. There is none which is not beneath the dignity of a literary work, but that of—justice and truth.



limited, almost to littleness, the volume of its wings.

Though it may never soar to the regions which its predecessor gained, yet, if the body be of weight—if it be healthy and bold, it may stand firm—a bulwark, and a beacon—a sign, that, though the species is injured, the race is not extinct; proving, by the use which it makes of those powers still possessed, that it is worthy of obtaining that object for which alone it pines on earth! And when gained? Why, the self-sacrifice will be made! it will devote itself to death! but it will be succeeded by a veritable *rara avis*. Then, indeed, will float o'er Ireland the stranger-phoenix of Content!

But, where have I been flying to? I meant not to speak of winged things: '*Mais n'importe.*' And—now!—

I have watched in vain for that array on the members of the Association, which appeared to me so emblematic of the sentiments they should adopt. 'Hope,' indeed, with its deep blue, may envelop many breasts; but the 'golden ray' of courage shines not yet from its bright sky.

To be brief, and direct. Was the 'New Catholic Association' uniform a mere childish fancy, founded in whim, without reasonable object or design? If so, let it not be adopted: if possible, let the proposition of it be forgotten: for to pause even for a moment over a silly object, while engaged in great pursuits, would be to incur the charge of lightness of purpose, or levity of mind. But, if it was intended to have a moral connexion—if it was meant to be a reminiscence to the wearer, to prevent coldness and indifference from stealing on existing warmth, and thus transforming him into an ally with the opponents of the cause—I do not perceive any strong reason for relinquishing the project.

Were the Association to be composed exclusively of Catholics, that alone would form a very sufficient objection to such a purpose: but, on the plan which the Catholics have been wise enough to adopt, the badge of the Association would be but a public pledge of honourable sentiments; what the Protestant loyalist might most conscientiously exhibit, since it

would bear evidence, alone, to that liberality of mind which is superior to party meanness; and that philosophy of feeling, that esteems liberty to be a good, which the religious tenets of a people form no just reason to deprive them of.

Perhaps the Associates think it better to preserve only the enthusiasm which suggested the idea, and disregard the visible proof as unnecessary or absurd. But the spirit is often so closely connected with the form, that if you seek to decompose them in order to discard the one, the other, disengaged, will evaporate unobserved. Napoleon wore the dress of Frederic, that he might not forget what he wished to imitate; and read constantly the 'Poems of Ossian,' to preserve the fire of heroism alive.

I think too it might be urged in favour of this design, that every degree of boldness within the limits of legality must prove beneficial to the cause: but the novel is, to many minds, the impossible; and, at the entrance of every untrodden path, the multitude will still require some new impetus to urge them on its course.

In premising thus much of the Association, I must not forget that I intend to present you with a few more sketches of the Associates; however, I have been but colouring the ground on which the figures are to stand.

To your London readers whatever relates exclusively to Ireland, I imagine, will be made the more interesting by particularizing objects, and giving to the 'forms of things unknown'

'A local habitation and a name.'

Therefore, I shall take the liberty of introducing them to the last Aggregate Meeting, held in Clarendon Street Chapel—a building neatly handsome on the inside, but having no pretensions to beauty of exterior.

It is an oblong parallelogram; has large well-formed windows; and is sufficiently lofty for its size. Above the arched ceiling of the chapel are numerous chambers, long passages, corridors, &c. (how romantic this sounds!) whose plain square windows, formed by common brick-work, rising above the solid stone walls of the lower building, look as if Borcas,



in a humorous mood, had blown the upper stories from the houses of the adjacent street, and safely set them down round the roof of the chapel of Decor Carmeli.

At this meeting I missed the sculptured heads of patriarchs and saints, who looked so gravely on me with their black eyes from every window-cornice in North Anne Street Chapel: yet, in the contemplation of the animated faces around me, I had not much leisure to consider whether the absence of such appendages was cause for pleasure or regret.

I would advise the painter, who wished to study the human countenance under the excitement of every variety of feeling vividly expressed, to attend an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland. From the dignified representation of heroism, intellect, or beauty, to the broad humour of Cruikshank's caricatures, subjects will be here found that would deserve to be correctly copied.

The Irish possess a flexibility of feature, which, when acted upon by ardent character, makes the face just that index which pleases most in art.

But, while this observation will be found generally applicable to the audience part of these assemblies, amongst the speakers may be observed many striking exceptions to it as a rule. These are generally of the aristocratic class, and are quite as dull and uninteresting as if they had been 'Aye' and 'No' parliamentarians for years. They express feelings and sentiments, which we may conceive to be their own, with the monotonous tone and unchanging countenance with which a school-boy would repeat by rote a lesson that he did not understand. From their rank it may be inferred that they are descendants of the lords of the pale, and not mere Irish: and, as state often confers extraneous grace on action, it is no doubt from remarking the English manners of this class that the people of this country had fallen into the error of believing every thing Irish to be vulgar, and every thing that was English genteel—a mistake from which it is evident they are recovering very fast.

The first person who usually presents himself to notice, from the na-

ture of the office generally assigned him, is the worthy long-time Secretary of the Old Association,

MR. O'GORMAN.

In the heavy outline of O'Gorman's head and figure there is sufficient to impress both eye and ear rather unpleasantly at first; yet, in the expression of the features which lie grouped in the centre of his large face, there is something that will gradually awaken your esteem; there is evidence of talents, and of that quality termed good nature; but, were the countenance on canvass rather than in the full relief of life, I should blame the artist for giving the traits of both in a slovenly ungraceful style.

O'Gorman's words indicate sound sense and spirited thought; his manner of delivery is careless, unpolished, and indolent. He is so much less brilliant and useful, that there would be some hazard of his Catholic countrymen forgetting his services, were it not for the direct remembrances of his immediate compeers: thus votes of thanks frequently procure for him hearty recognitions of his worth.

It would be well if some more dazzling members would imitate O'Gorman's unaffected modesty in speaking of himself: it would not, I think, cause their labours to be appreciated the less.

O'Gorman has a strong voice, which enables him to be heard without raising it beyond the ordinary speaking tone; and the dryness of his manner frequently gives comic point to his wit.

The report which you have given in your last number was next presented by

LORD KILLEEN.

The mild and gentlemanlike air of Lord Killeen is calculated to excite attention and respect; and a sombre seriousness of air gives somewhat of the effect of dignity to his words: a too methodical style of expression, and a coldness of delivery, however, permit the attention and interest of his auditors gradually to abate, and render him liable to be placed among those speakers whose lifeless manner I have before remarked.

Lord Killeen, I believe, possesses the warm esteem of his associates. He appears sensible and very unas-

suming. One of the most constant and persevering upholders of this cause, he is still a moderator rather than an inciter of the enthusiastic spirit; and, if his advice is followed, his countrymen will never be guilty of rashness in the most minute degree.

To be active in seeking for redress of Catholic grievances cannot be deemed in a Catholic any very high degree of merit, since it is a duty which self-interest alone would urge him to perform: yet as general good must result from every individual effort, and as self-love, under various modifications of refinement, is in truth the first spring of human action, they would be wrong who would quarrel with a good effect, of which it was the cause. Besides, whoever comprehends his own good truly will rarely sin against the social weal, for

'Self and social interest are the same.'

It is not, if we analyze our ideas, to self-love, simply, we object, when we decry it as a source of action; but to that mean and contemptible view of things which causes the mind to cling to base and worthless objects.

'Alle bell' opre  
Vi stimoli la gloria  
Non la mercè,'

Is a sentence which might be given as a motto of that Roman virtue we so much praise. It is only great, however, as it makes fame alone the reward worthy of being desired; and in this degree of refinement I think the majority of the Catholics might claim, since there are many to whom the name of slavery is the most galling link in the chain.

Of apathy of manner, or monotony of voice, at least, we shall not have to complain while listening to

MR. BRIC.

He is a young man of large person, and considerable talents: and there does seem to be a farther analogy between the material and immaterial in the form of his countenance and the form of his mind, as it appears in the dress of manner, language, and air, both bold, flexible, and imposing—clumsy, unfashioned, and inelegant. Shakspeare speaks of 'sawing the air;' but Mr. Bric batters it. And

then his '*brogue*?' If the *brogue* be a beauty in the language to which it belongs, it certainly is not so in unison with the English tongue; and, since the Irish have condescended to adopt the latter, they should, out of love to congruity, lay the former too aside. The Italian spoken with an English accent could only be as ridiculous as the English with an Irish brogue. I do not, however, object to the '*brogue*' of the Irish peasantry, spoken as the English is by them with such peculiar phrases—such Irish idioms—and intermixed so frequently with words, nay sentences, of their mother tongue: in this way it has the pleasing charm which things very national or very characteristic always possess. But, when any language is intended to be spoken grammatically and pure, the peculiar tones and accent which suit it best, and the pronunciation which the best usage has established, should not surely be neglected, forming, as they do, a constituent part of the tongue.

Mr. Bric is warm and forcible in his style, and might claim some character as a speaker, were it not for the defects which I have just described; and it is quite too absurd to suppose that an educated man, possessed of any portion of taste, should not be able to divest himself of what so much masks the powers of his mind.

SIR JOHN BURKE

There is something in the manner and countenance of Sir J. Burke, if not prepossessing, certainly impressive. He has been a soldier; you would almost divine it: at least, when so informed, the mind adopts the idea as readily as if it had previously conceived it—so consonant is that character with his aspect and air. He is comparatively a young man, younger than O'Connell—older, I think, than Sheil: yet he has the rugged brow of war, and much of that asperity of expression in his face so naturally acquired by a soldier's life: there is, however, a species of warmth in his manner and in his words, which would seem to indicate that, though the gleams of human sympathy play not strongly on his face, yet the milk of human kindness flows free around his heart. He is *degagé* and unpretending; and, were

it not for his imperfect and unpleasing utterance, would be listened to with much satisfaction, as a man delivering no mean sentiments with freedom, dignity, and fire.

The subject of these slight sketches are all extremely clever men: yet (how rare is genius!) even in the *Irish Catholic Association* there has not appeared a second Sheil. S.

#### TO THE MEN OF MILAN.

*By the Author of 'The Plagues of Ireland.'*

'On the —— the emperor and empress arrived at Milan, and were received with acclamations: in the evening their majesties honoured the Opera by their presence; after which a grand ball,' &c. &c.—*Times*, July 25, 1825.

LEAVE to frail Fashion's tribe their toys,  
Their opera and their ball;  
Oh! leave them to their boasted joys,  
Poor, vain, and worthless, all!  
Aside let thoughts of mirth be flung,  
Forth through your country go;  
And prompt the old, and teach the young,  
To grapple with the foe:  
Some seeds may find a barren soil,  
But others shall repay your toil.

Haunt not the tyrant's showy court,  
Heed not his treacherous smile;  
Let homeborn vassals there resort,  
And bow and cringe the while.  
To some, perchance, that scene seems gay:  
Tis not the place for those,  
Who think there yet may come a day  
To end their country's woes:  
He, who shall join the despot there,  
Is formed that despot's yoke to wear.

Smooth seems he in this easy hour;  
All, all is sunshine now;  
No lingering cloud is seen to lour  
Upon that changing brow:  
Gay glances greet the crowds around,  
Smooth words to all are given,  
And every joyless sight and sound  
Far, far away is driven.  
Oh! go and breathe the dungeon's air,  
And mark what sights and sounds are there!

There Liberty's crushed votaries sigh,  
There droop the suffering brave;  
Chained in their cheerless cells they lie,  
Laid living in the grave.  
And shall they ne'er again be free  
To tread their own loved soil?  
Is glorious beauteous Italy  
Marked as a tyrant's spoil?  
Ye millions whom the clime can boast,  
Why sleep ye when the land is lost?

K.



## BETTHEEN-A-VRYNE.

THE old man had but a small train attending his obsequies. He died at a distance from the home of his fathers, and the person who had been sent to warn his kinsmen and descendants of his death came late with the tidings. They were not aware that he was coming to reside with them for ever; and but few were gathered to wait on him to his last abode.

'Twas a lovely evening, in the latter end of February, when we arrived at the churchyard. The obsequies were concluded whilst yet the last beam of the setting sun was quivering on the stream beside us, and gilding the leafless trees that crowned the heights above. There was no wailing; the remembrance of his age—the conviction which had long before dwelt upon our minds that he must soon depart—had robbed grief of more than half its anguish; and the expression upon every countenance was sorrow, chastened by resignation. You would have thought, whilst they hung in silent prayer over the green turf, that they were but performing some religious rite, on which no shadow of earthly affection obtruded but for the stifled sobs that broke from a woman who had thrown herself across the grave—his daughter;

and the big tear that hung upon the cheek of her child, who knelt beside her, and uttered words of soothing in the pauses of her prayer. At length they quitted the churchyard, and their talk was of him whom they had left behind.

I lingered after the rest—his blood was in my veins; I wished to give a tear to his memory, but I would not have it marked whilst I shed it. 'Tis an unamiable disposition, yet I cannot conquer it, although I acknowledge Tears have a quality of manhood in them. When shed for those we love.

I loitered amongst the monuments of the lords of the manor to conceal myself from the others whilst they were departing. I had just light enough to spell out the rhymes which told the virtues of generations of the D—s: I contrasted their last abodes with that which we had just closed, and thought—'Thou too, old man, shalt have thine epitaph, less pompous perhaps, but not less sincere.'—He had—I scrawled the following with my pencil, and fastened it with a twig to the sod. 'The next shower,' thought I, 'will wash it away:—no matter; a few years will do the same by the marble.' I shall make no apology for inserting it; 'tis the epitaph of an honest man:—

J. R. AGED 90.

DIED FEB. 17TH, 1825.

Though here no lofty mausoleum swells,  
Its proud possessor's titles to unfold,  
Beneath this grassy mound, in silence, dwells  
The warmest heart that ever yet grew cold!

If costly piles should mark where virtue lies,  
And worth by numbers to its grave be borne,  
O'er thee the proudest pyramid should rise,  
And weeping thousands at thy funeral mourn.

Though few thy train, yet every bosom there  
With deep and saddening thought of thee was riven;  
Though many joined not, heartfelt was the prayer  
That hailed thy spirit on its way to heaven.

And here, in this thy humble last abode,  
As sweetly wilt thou sleep, as calmly rest,  
As if the sculptured marble's ponderous load,  
In its cold grandeur, o'er thy ashes prest.

Farewell! though long on earth thou didst sojourn,  
And hardly earned the meed thou now hast gained,  
Forgive the selfishness that bids us mourn,  
And prompts the wish that thou hadst still remained.

'Twas late when we arrived at the mountain hamlet which was to be our home during our stay in the country: that stay was not long protracted by those with whom I came from the city; but the novelty of rural manners, and the desire of observing the character of my countrymen in their less sophisticated state, tempted me to remain for a period longer. To relate some of these observations, as far as they regard the superstitions which exist in that part of the country, was the purpose for which I took up my pen:—the occasion of my journey obtruded itself on me, and, rather than contend with it, I gave it a place.

A few evenings after the funeral, whilst I was reading by a comfortable turf fire, around which the family sat conversing in Irish, a neighbour came in with a story. I did not attend at first; I did not understand the language, and so continued reading until the earnestness, almost approaching to awe, of the relater, and the subdued tones of the commentators around, attracted my attention. I laid down my book, and looked. I knew by the first glance that it was a ghost story, for the women drew their sushtheens closer to each other, the children squeezed themselves into the innermost corner of the chimney nook, and the men looked at each other and at the speaker with a mixture of wonder, curiosity, and—I can't say fear, for few are less fearful than the Irish peasantry, though scarcely any are more credulous; but it seemed that sort of sensation with which we hang over a dreadful precipice, whence we *could* depart, but would not, because of the pleasure which accompanies the dread that is excited. I could perceive a dash of scepticism in the countenances of some; in the others it was unmixed credulity.

On asking the subject of their conversation, they informed me that the person who had taken the towns-

people home in a cart had seen *something* on the common at his return, and had gone to bed sick. I questioned them as to what this something might be, but they seemed desirous of declining any definition: at length, with some hesitation, they told me 'twas a spirit; but whether it were male or female, or whether a human figure at all, they seemed unwilling or unable to inform me: all I could learn was, that, as *Lheam* came over the common, the horse\* (for it seems horses are better ghost-seers than men) stopped suddenly, and neither whipping nor wheedling could get him forward. *Lheam* began to grow terrified; his hair stood on end, his limbs trembled, and, looking fearfully round, he saw *something* at the other side of the horse. At length, by almost dragging him along, *Lheam* got the animal as far as the next cabin, from which having procured a spark of fire (i. e. a sod of turf), he travelled on, without any inconvenience from his ghostly visitor, till the mountain wind wasted the spark, on which it returned again. He was now near the glen; forced the horse and cart down a pass nearly precipitous; crossed the stream; and left his unwelcome acquaintance (who it seems could not pass running water) at the other side. Here he tried to check his horse, but in vain; the animal seemed to fly up the hill where before he used to toil, and *Lheam*, finding all opposition vain, flung himself into the cart, and left it to its own discretion.

When they arrived at the yard of the house, the noise of the cart, and the rapidity with which it entered, drew the family out in alarm, and they found the horse panting at the door, his nostrils dilated, his eyes staring, his mane erect, every sinew strained, every vein swelled almost to bursting, and his body covered with foam and sweat; whilst *Lheam* was taken from the cart, as they said,

\* A Hint to Phrenologists.—An acquaintance, a gentleman of high literary and scientific reputation, who has observed with attention the superstitions of his countrymen, has given me the gradations of the ghost-seeing power in animals. It appears that a dog is the most highly gifted in this particular; a mare the next. Here I must observe that I should suppose (to use an Hibernicism) *Lheam's* horse was a mare, though my ignorance of what I have since learned prevented my making the inquiry. A woman is the next, and a man the least gifted. Quere—Have phrenologists observed in which of these animals the organ of imaginativeness is most largely developed?



more dead than alive. He kept his bed the next day, but, I am happy to say, was quite recovered from his fright before I left the country.

I laughed at the story, and tried to convince them that those who have 'shuffled off this mortal coil' are likely to have more serious occupation than running about the common frightening poor people who were employed on their business. That, if spirits did return to earth, which I neither undertook to affirm or deny, it must be for some special purpose of Providence, and to accomplish some end which could not be effected in the ordinary course of events. That, viewing it in this light, we must disbelieve the so frequent appearance of spiritual beings, since it is impossible to conceive that God made Nature so imperfect as to be unable to perform her own operations without such frequent assistance from extraordinary agents. I perceived that, though I made some impression on those who were before inclined to be incredulous, I was only wasting my time with the believers, who clung more firmly to their opinions in resisting my efforts to drag them from them. I asked whether they related these stories to their clergymen, and what they said on the subject? They answered that he made some such observations as I did, desiring them to return home sober, and they would fall in with no more spirits.

This story led to another, and another; and a variety of instances, which could be attested by persons then living, were adduced; and a variety of arguments, by no means deficient of ingenuity, were urged to shake my scepticism. Amongst others was the story of *Bettheen-a-Vryne*, who still visited the glen beneath us; and some hinted that if I took a midnight walk upon the bridge the lady might be kind enough to dissipate my doubts by a visit. The wild singularity of the tale attracted my attention; and, if it be not spoiled in my narration,

may afford some gratification to your readers.

## BETTHEEN-A-VRYNE.

Upwards of a hundred years since, the country around Araglen was kept in a state of constant alarm by the depredations of two brothers, named O'Bryne, or Byrne, who, together with a family of the Keeffes, surnamed Nhealeg, (the wicked,) laid every small gentleman and comfortable farmer in the neighbourhood under contribution; and not unfrequently added ill treatment, and sometimes even murder, to the catalogue of their crimes. Nay, so bold were they in their villainies, that having at one time attacked the house of a gentleman, named Bible, on the banks of the Blackwater, and missing the booty upon which they calculated, after stripping the place of what was most portable in plate, furniture, and provisions, they departed, tying up their plunder in the ticken of a bed, which they emptied for the purpose, and leaving word with Bible's wife (for he himself was fortunately absent) to be prepared with five hundred pounds against their return on that day week; which appointment they actually kept, though Bible thought it wise to decamp in the interim to a newly-taken residence at Youghal.

They sometimes transacted business in a more covert manner, and others paid the penalty of their misdeeds. In one of these secret attacks on the house of a Mr. Watkins, of Waterpark, whom they robbed and murdered, one of the O'Brynes received a wound on the shin by stumbling over an iron pot as he was ransacking through the kitchen. When the alarm was raised, two persons, named Ryland and Keating, people of some respectability in the county of Tipperary, were taken up on suspicion: they had been playing at goal on that day, or some short time prior; and one of them having received a cut on the shin from a hurly,\* the servants

\* Like M'Rory, in O'Donnell, who thought every body knew the master, I imagined that every body knew what a hurly was, till the same ingenious friend who corrected me on ghost-seeing informed me that the English are about as well acquainted with it as they are with potheen: that is, that some men of taste for inquiries into national amusements, like some men of better taste in inquiries after national potations, Peter the Great's Irish wine, &c. might have learned something of it in the course of their studies. I must, therefore, Mr. Editor, inform you, who I hope are a person of better



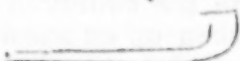
of Watkins, who had observed the accident which occurred to Byrne, took this as a corroboration of whatever other testimony appeared against these unfortunate men, and they were hanged at Cork, on circumstantial evidence, in the year 1722.

Their innocence of the crime was afterwards made manifest by the confession of a person named William Lyne, who, being about to be executed in some time afterwards, declared upon the scaffold that James Byrne, Michael Byrne, another, and himself, were the only persons concerned in the murder and robbery for which Keating and Ryland so innocently suffered. The circumstance is related in the 'Cork Remembrancer,' and should be an everlasting warning to judges, jurors, and witnesses, of the dangers, the doubts, and difficulties, attending circumstantial evidence.

Great as was the terror excited by the name of these robbers, it was exceeded by that of their sister Bettheen-a Vryne, who surpassed them in bodily strength and savage daring, as much as she exceeded them in mental depravity. To the force of a giantess she added the malignity of a fiend;—

And, where her glance of hatred darkly fell,  
Hope withering fled, and Mercy shrieked  
'Farewell.'

It is related of her, that, when engaged in their predatory proceedings, whilst the brothers were ransacking for plunder, she indulged her hellish disposition in inflicting the most refined tortures on such of the wretched inmates as were unhappy enough to fall into her power. It is almost impossible to think that such a pro-

taste, that a hurly is a piece of timber, about three and a half feet long, and shaped thus:  with which a large-sized ball is tossed from one end of a

field to another. The game is called goaling, the favourite, and indeed the principal, amusement of the Irish peasantry, and in which villages, parishes, baronies, and frequently counties and provinces, contend for the honour of victory. It is played in the following manner:—The ball is placed in the middle of a field or common, which an equal number of persons elected out of the opposing parties, (whose election, by-the-by, involving the reputation of large portions of the community, are made with a greater regard to the end in view than some with which I am acquainted,) strike at with the aforementioned hurly, each striving to opposite ends of the field, the conquest remaining with the party which succeeded in the attempt. 'Tis a very healthful sport, affording a great display of strength and agility; and, but that the angry passions, which are always excited in trials of strength, and which in this instance are heightened by the presence of the disputant's sweethearts, sometimes make it terminate dangerously, it would be a noble exercise.

pensity to cruelty as is attributed to Bettheen could exist in any bosom, much less in that of a woman; but the tradition of the whole country is strong against her. Nay, when some faint gleams of humanity (and the occurrence was very unfrequent) would break on the rugged hearts of her brothers, this fiend in human form cursed them for chicken-hearted rascals, and punished them on the spot for what she termed their cowardice.

Yet she could sometimes be obliging; and an instance of her kindness has been mentioned, which, as it also serves to illustrate her bodily strength, I will relate here:—

One day, as Bettheen was about to cross the Blackwater, (it being a good deal swollen at the time,) with a bag of corn on her back, which she meant to dispose of at a neighbouring town, she perceived three men preparing to cross, yet at the same time displaying some terror at the swell which was in the river. Seeing them neighbours of her own, and being in one of her holiday humours, she desired them not to be at the trouble of stripping, as she would take them across on her back. I must here inform you (lest the good people from whom I had the story, and who seemed to lay particular stress on this part of the narration, should, if ever they meet with my version, deem it spoiled in the telling) that these sojourners by Blackwater's stream were a shoemaker, a tailor, and a weaver. Bettheen desired the shoemaker to mount first upon the sack; then the weaver; and, having ascertained that they were up, desired the tailor, the lightest portion of her load, being I forget how many parts of a man, to settle

himself pyramidally on the other two ; and thus laden she crossed the river in a high swell, with as much ease as you would pass over a Dublin kennel only encumbered with your own Magazine. I hope your readers won't think I have given you too heavy a burden for the effect of my contrast. Her passengers often afterwards blamed themselves for trusting their lives to her capricious cruelty ; and Bettheen herself confessed that she was strongly tempted to disencumber herself of her load in the middle of the stream, and was only restrained by the dread of losing her sack of corn in the attempt.

Not long after the murder of Watkins the Brynes were cut short in their career of plunder and massacre, being hanged at Cork for manifold crimes and misdemeanors, on the evidence of one John Cashel, who had, I believe, been in some degree implicated in their outrages.

Their conduct at the place of execution evinced the most hardened depravity : no sign of penitence, no token of remorse, told their sorrow for their past offences. They died 'hoping nothing, believing nothing, and fearing nothing !' The only appearance of any thing like remorse was that one of them, during the period between the passing and the execution of his sentence, was heard to observe that he could wish Keating and Ryland had not been executed so guiltless of any crime : but the carelessness with which the observation was made, and the quickness with which the feeling passed away, like a faint gleam of light through the gloom of a dungeon, only served to display the darkness it could not dispel.

Bettheen, who was present at the execution, bore the scene with amazing firmness : not a tear was in her eye—not a shadow crossed her cheek—not a word of sorrow passed her lip ; and, but for a slight shuddering and a stifled groan at the moment they were launched into eternity, you would have thought her the most unconcerned spectator in the thronging multitude that crowded around the place of execution. But when she returned to her native hills she gave unbounded vent to her fury ; roaming from mountain to mountain,

raging like a whelp-reft tigress, and vowing vengeance against the author of her brothers' deaths. Few dared venture within her sight until the first paroxysm of her madness had passed away ; even the very cattle fled from her presence ; and she spent many days and nights without food or a habitation, living, it is thought, on berries or the bark of shrubs, and sleeping (if she did sleep) on the mountain heath.

At length her rage subsided into what appeared a melancholy torpor, though the event showed that it was only the gloom of settled determined vengeance ; and Cashel, who for some time skulked about the city of Cork, returned to the mountains at the end of two years, imagining that grief had broken down the spirit of Betty, and that he might rest undisturbed, save 'by the worm that dieth not.'

When she heard of his arrival, her eyes, which had long seemed quenched in idiot torpor, flamed with the anticipation of near and quick revenge. She started from the position which she had not quitted for months before, except to totter from the chimney corner to her scanty bed at the far end of the cabin, and rushed with the strength and rapidity of other times to execute her wrath.

It was dinner-time when one of the inmates of the house where Cashel then was discovered Betty hastening to the place. The alarm was given, and he had just secreted himself under a bed when she entered. She screamed wildly when she missed him from the table ; but, fastening the door, she first searched round the outer apartment, whence, hastening to the bed-room, she drew the devoted trembling wretch from his skulking-place, and, flinging him across her back with his head downward, rushed with her prey to the glen below.

A labourer who was working on a cliff over the glen (for the people of the house were too much terrified to stir beyond the threshold) was the only person who witnessed the terrible catastrophe. He was alarmed, he said, by the half-stifled shrieks of Cashel, and, looking, he beheld Bettheen stalking up, the glen with her victim flung behind her. She paused when she reached a sharp jutting



rock, which rose out of the middle of the stream; and, addressing a few words, unintelligible by the distance, to the wretch who seemed petitioning for mercy, she dashed his head against the projecting rock, and his last cry of agony and despair was drowned in the savage yell of fiendish exultation which was echoed from the hills around as she hailed the completion of her vengeance. Then, flinging the body on the sands, she sat above it, muttering execrations, watching the last throb of life in his quivering limbs, and laughing, in wild delirium of horrid delight, when some strong contortion of fiercer pain bore evidence of his increasing agony. At length, when all was over, and no more of life remained to glut her insatiate vengeance, she snatched the body from the earth, and, piercing into the depths of the mountains, is supposed either to have buried it in some unexplored chasm, or to have torn it limb from limb, and hidden the fragments in some exhausted turfpit, as no traces of the body were ever after discovered. She returned to the place of her abode without any marks of her exploit, except that some spots of fresh blood were still visible on her garments; the flash of revenge yet lingered in her eye, and something like a smile of triumphant malice was perceptible on her countenance: but they soon subsided, and she sunk again into that stupid listlessness from which revenge had for a moment aroused her. I expressed my astonishment, at this part of the story, that the law did not take cognizance of her conduct: but they told me that it was thought the effect of insanity; and, as people would rather have nothing to do with her, no one would busy himself in setting on foot an investigation. I was surprised to find some even speak of her with a kind of pity, when they described the ravages which grief is said to have made upon her frame and countenance; but pity for the unfortunate, however their misfortunes may have been caused, is a leading trait in the character of the Irish peasantry.

Bettheen continued some years in this state of insensibility, never making any greater exertion than from her bed to the fire-place, her mind appa-

rently closed against any external impression, except when her brothers or Cashel were named; and care was taken to prevent any allusion to the subject, for on such occasions her eye would lighten up into a wild unearthly fury, she foamed at the mouth, laughed savagely as when she sat above the corse of her victim, and then sunk again into her accustomed stupor.

Some short time before her death, to the astonishment of those who beheld her, she walked out towards the glen, the scene of her last bloody performance: and those who traced her steps described her as sitting on the rock against which she had dashed the head of Cashel, and acting over in imagination the by-gone tragedy; gazing on the sand where the body had lain; tossing her withered arms (for grief had wrought a rapid change in her frame) in frightful gesture; and shouting, less loudly indeed, but not less appallingly, than when her savage yell first announced the triumph of revenge. This custom she continued until prevented by her death-sickness, which occurred soon after, and bore her to answer on high for the conduct of which man had taken no cognizance.

Such is the story of Bettheen-a-Vyrne, as related by almost every peasant on the mountains of Araglen: and even now, when the wintry flood comes down, and the wind whistles shrilly through Macrona's wood, the cottage girls, as they gather closer round the fire, whisper, 'There's Bettheen murdering Cashel.'

When the story was concluded I walked down towards the bridge, and, as I leant over its battlements, felt that I never beheld a spot so calculated to excite superstitious fears, and conjure up the visions of the dreary past. This bridge, forming a part of a new line of road which runs through the mountains east of Kilworth, has been only lately erected over a small, but wild, mountain stream, which discharges itself into the Araglen. In summer, like the river into which it runs, it is but a scanty stream, scarcely murmuring over its rocky bed; but, like its moody recipient, when the winters torrents swell its force, it sweeps



from side to side of the glen, bearing large stones, heaps of heath-bound earth, and torn shrubs, along its rapid course. The scene, as I then gazed upon it, seemed to have acquired a new and wilder charm from the tale with which it was associated. To the north of the bridge, at the other side of the Araglen, the wood of Macrona lifted its leafless branches: behind me, towards Kilworth, an interminable waste of heath-clad swelling hills lay spread in dim extension. Glenfinishk, (Anglice, the glen of the fair waters), stretched deep into the mountains beside me, its waters at one time foaming over some hidden rock, giving back the moonbeam in a thousand broken reflections; then stealing calmly in unchequered beauty, save when now and again some fairy spark of diamond light started up

for a moment from its glassy surface

Whilst I gazed upon this scene, so lonely, so tranquil, yet so wild—whilst I marked the grey rocks that lifted themselves up into the moonlight in various and fantastic forms, or the fleecy wreaths of smoke that rose from some unseen hovel in the glen beneath—I felt that I would ‘*scarcely* start to meet a spirit there.’ My thoughts went forth from me, and joined themselves with the things around me, and, whilst I apostrophized the scene, and my own sensations, in the following stanzas, with which I shall conclude my communication. I understood what our late lamented poet meant when he asks—

‘Are not the mountains, seas, and skies, a  
part  
Of me and my soul, as I of them?’

Glenfinishk! where thy waters mix with Araglen’s wild tide,

’Tis sweet at hush of evening to wander by thy side!

’Tis sweet to hear the night-winds sigh along Macrona’s wood,  
And mingle their wild music with the murmur of thy flood.

’Tis sweet, when in the deep blue vault the moon is shining bright,

To watch where thy clear waters are breaking into light;

To mark the starry sparks that o’er thy smoother surface gleam,

As if some fairy hand were flinging diamonds on thy stream!

Oh! if departed spirits e’er to this dark world return,

’Tis in some lonely lovely spot like this they would sojourn:

Whate’er their mystic rites may be, no human eye is here,

Save mine, to mark their mystery—no human voice to scare.

At such an hour, in such a scene, I could forget my birth,

I could forget I e’er have been, or am, a thing of earth,

Shake off the fleshly bonds that hold my soul in thrall, and be

Even like themselves a spirit, as boundless and as free.

Ye shadowy race! if we believe the tales of legends old,

Ye’ve sometimes held high converse with those of mortal mould;

Oh! come, whilst now my soul is free, and bear me in your train,

Ne’er to return to misery and this dark world again!

#### THE TRUANT.

THE heart of a poet once wandered from home,  
Having long sighed amid sunny gardens to roam,  
Where flowers with the hues and the fragrance of Heaven,  
To charm poets’ hearts, seem by Nature as given.

Our truant crept forth at the very last line

His master was writing of Love’s Valentine;

And, having looked out on the world, he stole

Softly into the vortex, all life, pulse, and soul.

To look for a lodging was then his first thought ;  
 And, as he strayed on, his attention was caught  
 By 'A chamber to let' on a door ;—so he knock'd,  
 And the maid who admitted him look'd far less shock'd  
 Than surpris'd that the heart of a poet should want  
 A lodging so many would readily grant.  
 Alas !—is it Instinct or Fate that still guides  
 The heart of a poet where woman resides ?

He knew not who 'twas had the chamber to let ;  
 But he afterwards learned it was one Miss Coquette :  
 He agreed to the terms, and for some weeks he lay  
 'Neath her roof—in her smiles ever joyous and gay—  
 'Till he saw other guests at her mansion put up,  
 And breakfast at morn there—at night with her sup :  
 So he left his young mistress still smiling on those  
 Who came last to her mansion in search of repose.

Again on the world, *sans* mistress, *sans* bed,  
 Our adventurous heart rather thoughtfully sped :  
 'Well, well !' and he sighed as he thus did exclaim,—  
 'I'll never again lodge with one of her name :  
 'Twere weakness to weep, it were folly to fret  
 At bidding farewell to thee, heartless coquette !  
 Go, trifle away thy bright sunshine of youth—  
 Thoul't ne'er keep a heart full of honour or truth.

He wandered on musing till evening's soft dew  
 Gave him some chilly hints to give over his muse,  
 And to look for a chamber ;—he rung at the gate  
 Of a house which, unlike Miss Coquette's, looked sedate :  
 Our heart was admitted as lodger, or guest,  
 And for some quiet weeks in this house he found rest :  
 Miss Prude was the name of the hostess ; and she,  
 More than once, on our heart, looked at least graciously.

Yet somehow it was that mistakes would occur ;  
 Either she mistook him, or else he mistook her :  
 At her meaning he often was puzzled to guess,  
 For she sometimes said 'No' when her eyes answered 'Yes' :  
 A problem she seemed which our heart could not solve ;  
 So to give up this riddle he then did resolve ;  
 And when he, one morn, asked Miss Prude 'Should he go ?'  
 She said, 'Yes,' and he knew not by that she meant 'No.'

He left her, and afterwards lodged with Miss Chief,  
 With Miss Fortune, Miss Chance ; but with none he missed grief ;  
 And he wished that he ne'er had the folly to roam  
 From his master, with whom he was happy at home ;—  
 He wished he'd ne'er given his hopes to the sex,  
 Who were born, it should seem, poets' hearts to perplex ;  
 So he made a resolve woman's wiles still to shun,  
 And return to his home like a prodigal son.

Our wanderer returned to the house he had left,  
 Of all the bright hopes of his boyhood bereft :  
 His master he found sadly changed too—his eye  
 Had lost much of its fire since they parted ; a sigh  
 Was the only reproof he received from his breast  
 On being admitted there—there to find rest :  
 'Ah ! my master,' exclaimed our poor penitent heart,  
 From this hour, in despite of the sex, well ne'er part.'